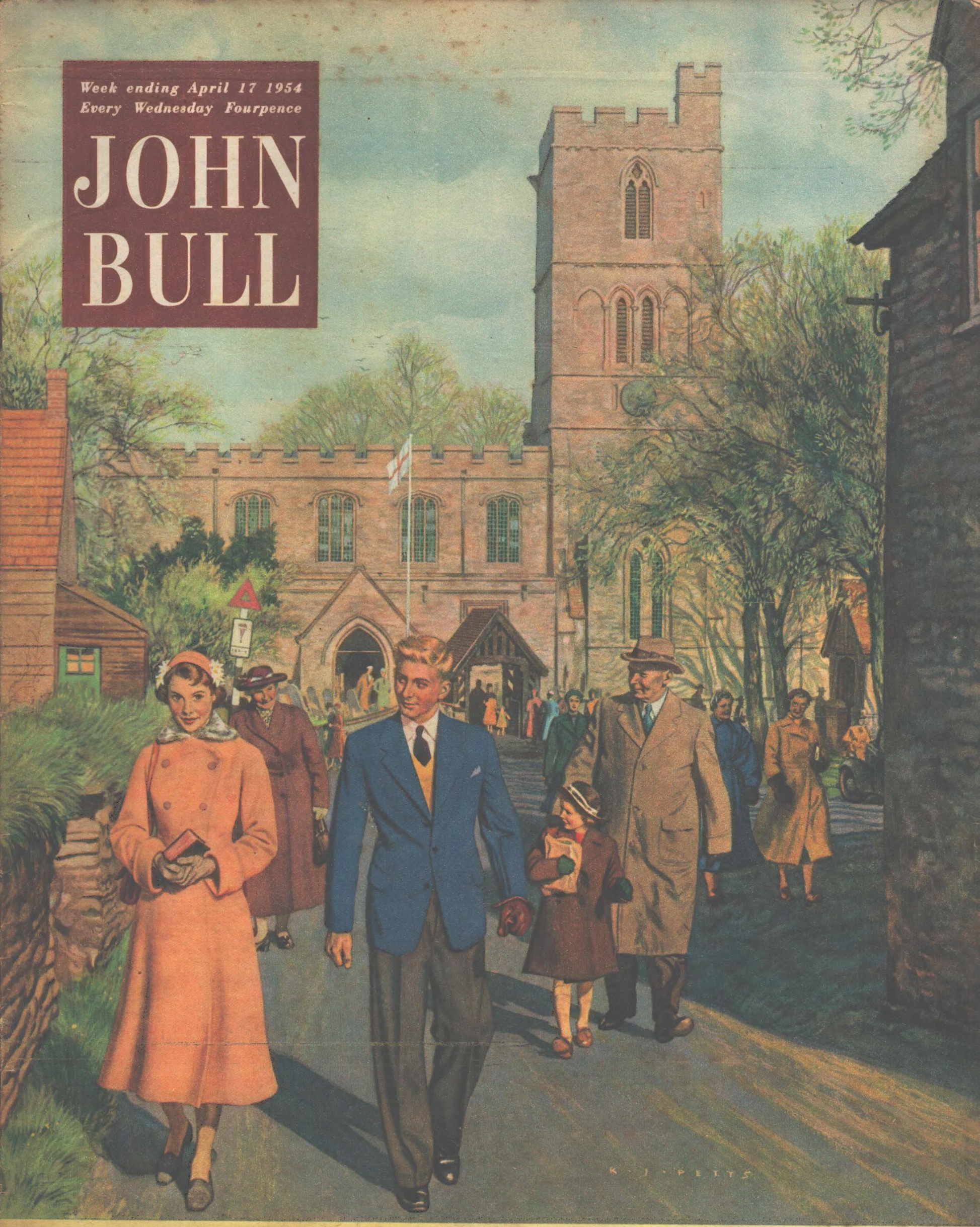
Week ending April 17 1954
Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL



REACH FOR THE SKY: Paul Brickhill's best-selling life of

DOUGLAS BADER

BHOWANI JUNCTION: a fine novel by John Masters

FRESH, TEMPTING SNACKS *find ready appetites, especially when they're served with a smile and a glass of good wholesome beer. Lunchtime or evening you can spend a refreshing hour in 'The Local', in more senses than one.* (Left) *In cool cellars, busy landlords like him make sure that good beer is on tap in plenty.*

A PINT OF THE BEST *coming up for a thirst that will do it full justice. No matter what variety or brew you choose you'll find no more satisfying or wholesome drink in the world than good British beer. And no better place to enjoy it than in 'The Local'.*

MOST FRIENDLY HOUSE IN THE WORLD — *bar none!*

Photographed by BERTRAM FOLLETT

IT IS NEVER very far from you, wherever you live, or travel, in this island of ours. You will find it, snug and smiling, among lime-washed cottages in the West; timbered and thatched in the South and East; of weathered stone in the North.

Small and old in country villages or new and shiny beside the by-pass, it goes by many quaint names and queer signs. But the warmth of its welcome never varies, for the tradition of hospitality survives untarnished in the British 'Local'. In its cheerful atmosphere no man feels a stranger for long. Good beer and good company await all comers till the law calls 'Time'.

ROMANCE *and a Hunting Horn caught together by the camera in a quiet corner. When eyes meet over raised glasses there's a gleam in them even brighter than the sparkle in good light ale.*

ALL THE LATEST! *Whether it's the football results or the Judge's summing up at the Old Bailey, you get the latest news in 'The Local'. And there's always good beer for consolation or celebration.*

Sculptors carve rock for it
Shepherds all flock for it
Good wholesome beer

Town criers cry on it
Ferrymen ply on it
You can rely on it
Good wholesome beer

Let's have one at The Local

ISSUED BY THE BREWERS' SOCIETY · 42 PORTMAN SQUARE LONDON · W.1.

EDITORIAL

Wicked—or naughty?

THROUGH the 930 juvenile courts pass Britain's young delinquents—the wicked, the naughty and the unlucky. They stand in torn jackets and dresses or in neat school blazers to answer for orchard raiding, window-breaking, shop-lifting, robbery with violence.

Across a long table, three magistrates face them. The clerk reads the charge, and then comes the evidence of witnesses, police, probation officers and parents.

The children get a very fair trial, in the tradition of British justice. But it is more important to prevent a repetition of the "crimes."

Do the juvenile courts succeed in turning children away from a life of crime? There is a growing feeling that they do not. Miss Margery Fry, a leading authority on juvenile delinquency and a vice-president of the Magistrates' Association, says: "The main problem of the Children's Court is not 'What was done?' but 'What is to be done?'

MISS MARGERY FRY
"Why bewilder the child?"

"Usually the offence is not denied, and parents agree to the proposed treatment. Where the offence or the need for action is persistently contested, the case should go to a court, as it does now.

"But very often a less formal procedure could reach a solution without bewildering the child with the ritual or harming him by the publicity of a law court."

FOR those who plead guilty, Miss Fry favours something like the Child Welfare Boards used in Continental countries. They consist of child experts, including teachers and doctors. They can punish, but their main concern is to put wayward children on the right lines.

Magistrates would still be needed for contested cases. But they should be picked for their knowledge of children. Too many are like the country J.P. who recently asked an eight-year-old boy who stole a toy gun: "What does a little boy like you want a gun for?" That question revealed a shocking ignorance of small boys.

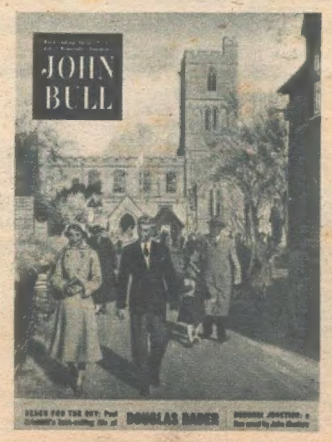
Outside London, local J.P.s elect the juvenile magistrates. The Home Secretary should take on the job of selecting *all* these key men and women.

IN 1952, 75,666 boys and girls aged from eight to sixteen appeared in juvenile courts. But only one out of twenty was sent to an approved school. The other nineteen needed to be brought up short—and then helped.

It should be possible to do this without finding them guilty in a court and labelling them as criminals. A government committee to investigate the possibility of Child Welfare Boards would be a useful start.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

UNLIKE most cities, Britain's villages and small towns still blend grace with craftsmanship. One of the finest churches in Bedfordshire is at Felmersham on the Great Ouse. K. J. Petts, who lives nearby in Bedford, often admires its thirteenth - century Early English style and its charming setting. He has pictured it as worshippers leave on a crisp Easter Sunday, with spring in the air for at least two members of the congregation.



A FINE EMULSION PAINT

FOR WALLS AND CEILINGS

DU-LITE is the choice of the decorator because it is easy to apply, covers more square yards per gallon, and provides a superlative finish at low cost.

DU-LITE

BY THE MAKERS OF **DULUX**

ICI

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES LIMITED · LONDON · S.W.1 DDT 23

Walters'
"Palm" REGD
Toffee
THE PERFECTION OF CONFECTIONS
D.A.6

Lightness means more LEISURE and PLEASURE
MODEL WT
WHEN YOU RIDE A

Royal Enfield
THE *Lightest* STANDARD BICYCLE
Send for illustrated Catalogue
THE ENFIELD CYCLE CO. LTD., REDDITCH

More people drink

WATNEYS

than any other

BROWN

ALE

HAVE YOU TRIED IT?

JOHN BULL 189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1
APRIL 17, 1954 VOL. 95 NO. 2494 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

FREE SPEECH

His small son rules the holidays

WHEN I brought a bunch of guide books into the office, the new man who shares my room started looking hard done by. "My holiday will be another fortnight in the garden," he said. "Our boy's four. He's not old enough for hotels yet, but my wife would never leave him behind."

That sounded all wrong to me, so I told him what we did last summer. We hired a big station wagon, and toured all round Dorset and Somerset. My wife and the three children—the youngest was only eighteen months—had beds in the wagon. I had a tent. We had an exciting holiday with none of the bother of getting children used to strangers and a different bed every night.

"That may have been all right for you," said my colleague, "but my wife thinks too much travelling would be bad for the boy." I gave up. Some people seem to enjoy martyring themselves for their children. Youngsters should learn that they must fit in.—G. C. D. WALLACE, Reading, Berkshire.

Black Friday

HANGING from the ceiling in the bar of The Widow's Son public house in Devons Road, Bow, London, is a wire basket filled with the dusty

remains of old hot cross buns. The story goes that a former tenant of the pub, a widow, had a letter from her sailor son saying that he would be home from the sea on Good Friday, and asking her to keep him a bun. He never came, but for the rest of her life his mother hung up a bun for him every Good Friday. Later tenants carried on the custom. This year's bun will be the 130th.—O. P., Bow, London.

The photograph shows a Royal Navy man hanging up the 1953 bun. After the ceremony there is a free issue of buns to customers.

Irish Time

WHILE I was staying at a village in County Wexford, Ireland, last summer, a local man invited me to go out fishing with him. We agreed on a time, but when I arrived at his house I found him busy painting. "You're early," he said. "It's only five o'clock." I told him that his watch must be an hour slow, as I had heard part of the B.B.C.'s six o'clock news before coming out.

He laughed. "Oh, you're going by New Time," he said. "Here we use only Old Time." I found out later that in fact they used both Old Time (Greenwich Mean Time) and New Time (British Summer Time) to suit themselves. Some pubs, keeping to New Time, opened and closed an hour earlier than others. At closing time, villagers could always get an hour's extra drinking at an Old Time pub down the road. — R. DUNCAN, Herefordshire.

In Reverse

ONE of my office colleagues parked his car outside the office, and came back later to find it sandwiched between a van behind and a lorry in front. He could see no sign of either of the drivers, so he started to manoeuvre his way out inch by inch, with much turning of the wheel and reversing. While he was doing this, a man came up and shouted directions to guide him. At last he got the car out, and then he offered a cigarette to the man who had helped him. The man refused it, saying he was in a hurry. He walked over to the lorry which had blocked my friend's car, got in, and drove away.—MISS S. K. A., Jersey, Channel Islands.

Next Week in John Bull

THE RETURN OF RAFFLES

by Barry Perowne

see page 18

Tin Bait

A FRIEND was driving along a country road when he overtook a well-dressed man carrying a petrol tin. He stopped and offered him a lift. The man got in, and they started to chat. When my friend asked him where he had left his car, the stranger admitted that he had not got one. If he wanted to go somewhere, he just picked up his can and started to walk. The ruse never failed, he said, and he had travelled hundreds of miles free.—J. WARD, Glasgow.

Man About Korea

IN February, 1951, I was one of a number of British troops taking over a position in Korea from the Americans. For some unknown reason, we of the Medical Corps had settled in first. We were busy setting up a first aid post, when we heard a shout, "Hey, fellas, look at this crazy Britisher." Looking out of the tent, we saw the British moving up in file. Leading them was a young officer with a Sten gun under one arm, and a rolled umbrella in his hand. The road was lined with staring Americans. It could have been Bond Street—but the Chinese were less than half a mile away.—F. H. WANNELL, Abinger Common, Dorking, Surrey.

Late Grouses

AS a town councillor, I attended a local residents' meeting recently to answer questions. One man complained that, in an area very short of houses, flats over shops had been converted to offices. I investigated

Continued on page 6

'ENGLISH ELECTRIC'

By providing power for driving drilling rigs, power for pumps in pipe lines to storage tanks and tankers, and power for some of the world's largest refineries, ENGLISH ELECTRIC serves the oil industry at every vital stage and in fields as far apart as South America, the Middle East and the Far East.

bringing you

The world's demands for both oil and electricity are ever-increasing, and ENGLISH ELECTRIC's extensive activities in both fields are typified by the powerful main line locomotive hauling this train. Using oil engines to generate electricity, it develops 1500 h.p. and is but one example of the ways in which ENGLISH ELECTRIC provides better transportation for people all over the world.

better living

The ENGLISH ELECTRIC Company Limited, Queens House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

famous SINCE 1777

for lasting quality

Sherwoods Paints Ltd Barking Essex

EALING STUDIOS present A MICHAEL BALCON PRODUCTION

ANTHONY STEEL · SHEILA SIM

WEST OF ZANZIBAR U

COLOUR BY TECHNICOLOR

Story & Direction by HARRY WATT
Produced by LESLIE NORMAN Screenplay by MAX CATTO & JACK WHITTINGHAM

A new African adventure by the team that made 'Where No Vultures Fly' GFD

NORTH-WEST LONDON RELEASE APRIL 19th
and in PROVINCIAL CITIES FROM APRIL 18th

FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

later, and found that the conversion was carried out last summer. At least half the complaints made at the meeting concerned events which had occurred months before, and one was about something which happened more than two years ago—before I was elected. Not one of the questioners had bothered to approach a councillor at the time; they had let matters slide until it was too late to take effective action—and then made their complaint.—R. H., Middlesex.

Secret Work

BEFORE I was married, I worked in a hospital out-patients department. It used to surprise me that many women patients did not know

the name of their husbands' employers. I got answers like "Oh, he works down by the docks somewhere" or "He works in one of the pits, but I don't know which one." One woman had no idea at all where her husband worked, but she knew that he went out of the house and turned left. — Mrs. Gwynneth Dillarstone, Henry Nelson Street, South Shields, County Durham.

Healing Waters

HISTORICALLY, the well on Isle Maree, Wester Ross ("Free Speech," March 27) has associations with St. Maelrubha, who came from Ireland and established a monastery at Applecross in A.D. 673. At one time, people were brought from far and wide to the Holy Well to be cured of insanity —the preliminary "treatment" included being towed three times round the island at the back of a boat. The healing spirit deserted the well when a farmer brought his mad dog for immersion in its waters. When Queen Victoria visited the island in 1877, she left money at the well. Brightly coloured rags used to be tied to a holly tree as additional gifts.—Brenda G. Macrow, Water Stratford, near Buckingham.

Deep Draught

UNDER a photograph illustrating the article on the Western Australian gold-mining town of Kalgoorlie (John Bull, March 20), it is stated that a schooner of draught beer is half a pint. This may be so in Kalgoorlie, but in New South Wales a schooner is considerably more than half a pint, though less than a pint. —W. R. Carne, London.

The measure varies in different parts of Australia. In New South Wales, it is about three-quarters of a pint (fifteen fluid ounces). Western Australia's London office says that a schooner is ten fluid ounces in some boroughs in the state and nine in others.

Safety Signal

WHEN I was in Denmark, I noticed that motorists slowed down whenever they saw people with yellow armlets waiting to cross the road. I was told that these armlets are worn by the infirm and by those suffering from failing sight or deafness.—Mrs. V. Powderham, Porthkerry Avenue, Welling, Kent.

Waste Not

MANCHESTER Corporation's proposal to use land at Didsbury for the tipping of household refuse came as a shock to residents in the area. In some towns on the Continent refuse is burned. The heat from the incinerator is used to provide electricity, and also hot water and steam to heat local houses and factories. Another answer to the problem is to compost the refuse and sell it as fertilizer—at a profit.—W. H. Fleetwood, Cranston Drive, East Didsbury, Manchester, 20.

The Swiss town of Zurich built its first incinerator in 1902. The present machinery disposes of all the city's refuse without dust and smells. It provides electricity, and sufficient hot water for the central heating of hospitals and municipal buildings.

Bader's Surgeon

I HEARTILY agree with the description of Leonard Joyce, the man who operated on Douglas Bader ("Reach For the Sky," John Bull, March 27) as "probably the best surgeon in England." I knew him intimately during the first World War when, in addition to being the assistant surgeon at the Royal Berkshire Hospital, he was the chief surgeon at the Reading War Hospital. What a man he was, full of energy and indefatigable! I remember the occasion during one of the "big pushes" when he performed fifteen operations in one day, and then later, as night duty officer, admitted a large convoy of wounded.

It was my duty and privilege to assist him at his operations by making sketches of the wounds, and diagrams illustrating his methods of treatment. Many of these operations verged on the miraculous. I had a "ringside seat" at one which took four and a half hours; it was watched

by seven of the other surgeons.—Ern Shaw, Cottingham, Hull.

The sketch of Leonard Joyce is taken from a cartoon by Ern Shaw which appeared in the August, 1916, issue of "The Ration," the magazine of the Reading War Hospitals. Joyce died in 1939, aged fifty-seven.

. . . Visiting the home of an elderly friend, I noticed in her copy of John Bull the photograph (reproduced here) of Douglas Bader's mother. I couldn't help remarking: "What a beautiful picture of a beautiful woman!" The old lady got up without a word. She brought out a family album of photographs taken between 1905 and 1914, and showed me dozens of beautiful photographs of beautiful women. Were the photographers so much more skilled forty to fifty years ago—or were the women so much more beautiful? Where are their like to be found in 1954?—R. Hargreaves, Dorset.

This week's instalment of Paul Brickhill's life story of Douglas Bader begins on page 19.

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed, and at usual rates for readers' photographs. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

Housewife **(40)** *and retired farmer* **(84)** *both found*

Rheumatic misery relieved

by using FYNNON SALT

Mrs. Brady is happy again—looking after her husband and three children. Not so long ago she was unable to use her hands due to neuritis. Now her rheumatic pain is relieved, full use of her hands has been restored, and she leads an active life.

HERE'S HOPE FOR BRITAIN'S ONE MILLION ADULT SUFFERERS FROM RHEUMATISM

Mrs. T. Brady, 40, housewife of Blackrock, County Dublin, writes: **'I feel I must write and tell you the wonderful relief Fynnon Salt has given me. I suffered from neuritis for over 12 months, and nothing gave me relief, until I tried Fynnon Salt, now I can sleep the night through and only get very little pain towards morning. I am on my fourth tin....'**

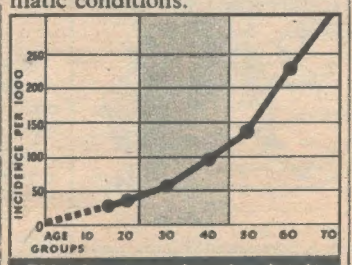
Mr. J. G. Humphrey, 84 year old retired farmer of Pevensey Bay, also attributes to Fynnon Salt the relief he enjoys from rheumatism. **'... about 40 years ago I was crippled with rheumatism ... A friend of mine recommended me to try Fynnon Salt ... and after taking some for about a month I began to get great relief and in less than two months I was able to do a hard day's work ... I take half a teaspoonful every breakfast time ... I have not had a day's illness nor lost a day's work ... which I attribute to Fynnon Salt ... and still enjoy good health.'**

(The originals of these two letters can be seen at our offices)

To see Mr. Humphrey, you would never think that he had suffered so severely from rheumatism. A sprightly eighty-four, he now finds nothing more exhilarating than a daily walk along the beach at Pevensey Bay, where he lives since retiring from his farm.

RELIEF from pain, ability to do a good day's work and to lead a normal, active life—these are the themes of countless letters in which sufferers from rheumatism, like Mrs. Brady and Mr. Humphrey, express their gratitude for the wonderful results from taking Fynnon Salt.

Rheumatism is a stubborn and painful complaint, and in its most persistent forms it is often disabling. An estimate of the loss of working time to the country, through rheumatic diseases, has been put at £45 million a year. Consider this fact in terms of pain and suffering, and it is no wonder that doctors are showing increasing concern over rheumatic conditions.



This chart reveals quite clearly the surprising extent to which rheumatism attacks the 25-45 age group. Startling discoveries like this emphasise the vital need for early treatment in combating rheumatic conditions.

Prevalent among the young

The medical profession has already made some important researches into rheumatism, and their results emphasise the need for early treatment. **It was found that fibrositis, neuritis, lumbago and the less persistent forms of rheumatism mostly attack those between the ages of 25 and 45,** and though the number of these cases is less prevalent among the older age groups, a proportion tend to develop in later years into the more persistent kind of rheumatism.

With the increase in knowledge concerning the incidence of rheumatic complaints, has grown widespread agreement among medical men that improper elimination of waste products from the body accompanies and contributes to rheumatic conditions—such as neuritis, sciatica, fibrositis and gout.

A balanced treatment

This emphasis on waste elimination explains why Fynnon Salt's two-way action has proved of such benefit to so many.

1. Fynnon Salt is an effective but gentle aperient working on the scientific principles of osmosis. This natural process utilises body fluid, filtered through the intestinal tissues to rid the system of waste matter.

2. It acts as a diuretic, flushing and clearing the kidneys and reducing the concentration of impurities in the blood—the approved treatment for certain rheumatic conditions.

The special virtue of Fynnon Salt lies in the even balance of its aperient and diuretic properties. Salts commonly have one or the other property to a marked degree, but Fynnon Salt has both in almost equal measure. Thus, by itself, Fynnon Salt is a complete internal cleansing agent. In composition it resembles the waters of certain spas, long famous for their success in treating rheumatism.

Act on first twinges

Fynnon Salt can help you most if taken early—before the first twinges become a regular discomfort. Carry on with the treatment (adjusting the dosage to your individual need) until Fynnon's unique combination of mineral salts has a chance to help you.

Thousands of sufferers have already found relief in the daily use of Fynnon Salt. Give it a chance to bring *you* freedom and relief from the aches and pains of rheumatism. *But, if you are seriously worried about your condition, or if it fails to respond to treatment, don't fail to consult your doctor.*

FYNNON SALT

For the relief of all forms of muscular rheumatism

NEURITIS · LUMBAGO
FIBROSITIS · SCIATICA · RHEUMATISM · GOUT

LARGE TIN 2/4½d.

FORMULA. Approx: Sod. Sulph. 95·96%, Sod. Bicarbonate 1·95%, Pot. Sulph. 2·05%, Lith. Sulph. 0·033%, Iron and Sod. Chlor: Traces

FYNNON LTD., BRENTFORD, MIDDLESEX

YO HO HO and some more Puffed Wheat

PETER, in a Pirate Hat from a Puffed Wheat packet (and a pair of Mum's ear-rings) is a different boy at breakfast today! Before it was a case of "Oh Mum, I'm tired of this kind of cereal."

But Mum had a brainwave—she changed to the new crisper, tastier Puffed Wheat. Peter loves its keen nut-like flavour. Today it's "Yo Ho Ho... and *some more Puffed Wheat!*"

Indigestion

FOR QUICKER RELIEF
4 rolls (40 tablets) : 1/-
8 rolls (80 tablets) : 1/11
FROM ALL CHEMISTS

Lucky dog

he's **correctly** fed on

RED HEART

WELSH TERRIER
(From photo by Ylla from the Red Heart series).

The complete food for all breeds

Ask any authority on dogs why "Red Heart" is an ideal food and you will be told that "Red Heart" contains *all* the essentials for bounding health, including real red beef, liver and cod liver oil. Condition your dog as you feed him with "Red Heart".

AN ECONOMY HINT

"Red Heart" may be fed straight from the tin but its concentrated goodness goes further if mixed with household scraps.

JOHN MORRELL & CO. LTD., LIVERPOOL AND LONDON
Also makers of Red Heart Cat Food

cvs-28

Mother—protect your children against all risk of head troubles

A fortnightly application of SULEO Hair Emulsion will completely protect your child.

When "unwelcome strangers" are discovered, all members of the family should use SULEO to prevent the condition spreading.

SULEO hair emulsion

Obtainable from all Chemists, in bottles sufficient for six treatments at 2/-. A JEVES PRODUCT

DON'T RISK A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN

If you're headachy, cannot sleep soundly, or find you're growing irritable and easily depressed, your nerves are suffering from strain.

You need more Vitamin B, the element your nerves must have to grow sturdy and steady.

Try taking Phillips Tonic Yeast with your meals. Yeast is the richest natural source of all the B Vitamins, and these little tablets are pure yeast in concentrated form.

Start taking Phillips Tonic Yeast today. You will sleep better, be less easily upset, less worried and depressed, and your digestion will improve. But be sure to ask for 'Phillips' Tonic Yeast. It is simply pure yeast with all its cells intact and without any drugs or harmful ingredients.

At all Chemists, 1/6, 3/6 and 5/9

BHOWANI JUNCTION

by JOHN MASTERS

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

Colonel Savage was here to keep order—but it didn't entitle him to humiliate people. Why, thought Victoria, must he always pick on me?

INDIA, 1946, and the British preparing to pull out. . . . The country was like a volcano which might blow up at any moment. For Patrick Taylor, a railway official at Bhowani Junction, the future seemed hopeless.

Taylor was an Anglo-Indian. He despised all full-blooded Indians as "wogs," despised the Indian blood in himself and thought of England as "Home," though he had never been there. When the British left, he and his people would be defenceless misfits.

The girl he wanted to marry, Victoria Jones, was Anglo-Indian, too. She was as beautiful and desirable as ever. But four years with the army had changed her outlook. She knew that Anglo-Indians must be one thing or the other—British or Indian. She saw Taylor with new eyes, found him touchy, hysterical, resentful.

Taylor resented many things. He resented Colonel Rodney Savage and his Gurkha battalion, who had arrived to guard the railway against terrorists and saboteurs. Savage had high-handedly taken Victoria on to his staff: she knew the railways well—her father was an engine driver—and she was cool in a crisis.

Above all, Taylor hated Lieutenant Macaulay, Savage's adjutant—and with good reason: Macaulay had made crude advances to Victoria. She had resisted them, but in his jealousy Taylor believed she had led him on.

And now the Indian railway workers were threatening to strike. Govindaswami, head of the civil district—traditionally called "the Collector"—said so, and Kartar Singh, the local union boss, didn't deny it.

Taylor blamed Congress extremists for all the trouble. He suspected Ranjit Kasel, his timid and studious Sikh assistant, of being a secret "Congress wallah."

When Taylor tried to bully Kartar Singh for information, Victoria lost her temper. She told Taylor she was finished with him. Furious and miserable, Taylor did what he had sometimes done, guiltily, during the war while Victoria was away. He went for consolation to her sister, Rose Mary. . . .

PART TWO

Victoria Jones Takes Up The Story

THE Collector wanted information about the strike, and I still hadn't got it. Before going back to question Kartar Singh, I dried my eyes and blew my nose. I had honestly tried to find in Patrick all the qualities I used to love, and none of them was there. All I could see now were the worst trade marks of our people—inferiority feelings, resentment, perpetual readiness to be insulted, all the things

---

The colonel was dancing with Rose Mary; he was making fools of us all. I could stand no more of it. Burning with anger, I made for the door

I was determined to get rid of in myself.

So when I had forced myself to be rude enough to get through his thick skin, I thought: that is over. There was the job Savage had given me. I pushed Patrick down to the bottom of my mind. The harder I worked, the sooner he would stop being an uncomfortable lump, a small pain, in me.

When I got back, Kartar moved a little away from the wall of the signal box. The Indian signalman was leaning out of the end windows above us. Kartar said in a low voice: "I have warned all our people, Miss Jones, to be ready to strike. Those are the orders I have received, and they are secret. Tell the Collector and the colonel-sahib."

He spoke with some agitation, and I whispered: "What's the matter? Are you afraid there will be real trouble?"

"Yes. In the yards. It is very bad and difficult," he said. "We have a right to strike. We ought to strike. But there are men in this union, and outside it, who will use the strike to do things that are no good for any of us. If I am not their leader someone else will be. Let no word leak out that it was I who warned you."

He walked away, and I turned and went, too.

Near the station I slowed down. I found myself thinking of Patrick, and I was crying again. He was such a fool, and I understood him so well. I thought of going to find him. He would be in the refreshment room, drinking beer, or perhaps in the Institute.

But I would not go. I had finished that, for the good of both of us.

In the battalion office building a Gurkha orderly with a tommy-gun was standing at ease outside the door marked COMMANDING OFFICER. He glanced at my rank badges, said that the colonel-sahib was in, and stood aside.

I went in, closed the door behind me, and stopped quickly. It was Macaulay, not Savage.

I moved back half a step. He said in a low voice: "Sorry about last night. Don't hold it against me."

I said, "Where's Colonel Savage?"

"He'll be back in a minute. . . . Am I forgiven? You're so—damn it, you're beautiful. I just forgot myself."

I said, "I haven't forgiven you, and I won't forget."

He said, "*Shhh!* Well, you must expect some male admiration, with those eyes. I just can't help liking you, you know——"

Colonel Savage came in through Macaulay's office. He glanced from Macaulay to me. Macaulay had come quite close to me while he talked.

Colonel Savage said, "All right, Macaulay." Macaulay went back to his office. Colonel

Savage said coldly to me: "*That's* your office, Miss Jones. What did you find out?"

He thought that I had been encouraging Macaulay again. His nostrils were pinched with anger, but I didn't care by then. I told him what Kartar Singh had said. When I had finished he said in the same hard voice: "Good. I'll talk to the Collector. I'll let you know if we decide to move any troops. We probably won't just yet. Your father has been kind enough to ask me down to your house tomorrow evening. He is also going to invite Mr. Taylor. I am telling you in case you decide to be out at that time."

He was making me angry in spite of myself.

I saluted and went out, feeling that my face had been drained of blood and was sallow and pale brown and ugly.

At home, exasperated and tired and a little lightheaded, I was pleased to see that nobody was in. I ate a cold supper quickly and went into the parlour to read. But I could not read. On the page I saw faces instead of words. Inside myself I felt the lump that represented Patrick, and that made me think of all the people who seemed determined to drag me down. I brought their faces up, one by one, into my mind, and tried to see a single expression that was not set against me. I switched off the light and closed my eyes.

Colonel Savage. He was hard, cruel, rude, self-willed. I did not really understand why he made himself so unpleasant to me. But he did, and it helped. Macaulay. It is difficult to describe how "bad" he felt to me. Not that I do not like to be admired by men, but he was like a rubber lizard that came crawling through slime to get at me.

Rose Mary. We were sisters, but nothing more. She had always been man-crazy, and from the way she spoke to Patrick, and Patrick's embarrassment, I was sure she'd tried to get him while I was away.

Patrick. I tried not to think about him, but he came up. He had a loud voice. Sometimes he acted like a bully, sometimes like a soft-hearted old woman. He wore his topi all day and most of the night, to show he was not an Indian.

And then I thought: he loves me, and I've known him since I was a little girl. I know him best of anyone in the world.

Quickly I thought of Ranjit—Ranjit Singh Kasel. Ranjit was sure the Congress had had nothing to do with the derailment at Pathoda. Why was he sure? Was he secretly a Congress man himself? I was beginning to sympathize with anyone who was against the British, and Congress was certainly against the British.

Ranjit was upset when I asked him why he didn't wear the Sikh bangle, why he'd cut his hair, why he was an atheist. Atheists are very rare in India. He didn't really explain; he only defended his mother's point of view. He was a very sweet-tempered, kind man. If he kissed a girl, I thought, the girl would feel sweet and dedicated, but I did not think she would be excited. I wondered.

I opened my eyes slowly. The front-door latch clicked with a tiny noise. I heard Rose Mary's whisper: "She's not in. I've looked."

"Oh, Rose Mary." It was Patrick's voice.

The words and the tone were like a trigger. I stood up, my legs stiff and trembling, my eyes dry, and my hands like claws, the nails piercing into the palms.

I heard them going along the passage, and thought: why do I care? I heard a door squeak, and I thought: why won't Patrick disappear from inside me?

I stood, shaking, in the middle of the room and then I slipped out into the passage, making no sound, and went silently to Rose Mary's door. I waited, shaking, and then I smashed the door open and switched on the light and ran in, screaming at them. I heard the words pouring out of my mouth, out of my heart—a flood of Hindustani and our cheechee English, thick with language that I have tried all my life to believe I never knew. . . .

Colonel Savage came the next evening. Patrick sat on the sofa with Rose Mary. Mater was perched on the edge of the small hard chair. Pater stood in front of the fire-screen. They were all, except me, dressed in their best. I had deliberately not changed out of uniform. Pater's blue serge suit shone because it was old, and his face shone because the night was hot.

Colonel Savage, I saw with annoyance, had changed into his prewar khaki drill trousers and tunic, with which he wore a shirt, collar, and tie. I had expected him to think that any old clothes were good enough for an engine driver's house.

Pater gave him a foaming glass of warm beer and at once began to ask him about his medals. The first one was the M.C. with two bars. Colonel Savage told Pater what the medals were, but when Pater asked how he had got them he said, "Fighting, Mr. Jones. Look, I don't know about you, but I'm hot as hell. Would you and your wife mind if I took off my coat and tie?" He mopped his brow with a big khaki handkerchief and smiled at Mater.

Pater said: "My, of course not, Colonel. Take off your coat. I think I will join you."

The light shone full on the long row of medal ribbons. Rose Mary asked him whether he liked fighting. Rose Mary had a trick, which she thought attracted men, of sometimes speaking very hesitantly and coyly, as though she were a little girl of eight.

Colonel Savage laughed quite naturally. He said: "On the whole I do like fighting. But not this week."

"Oooh, you *like* it!" Rose Mary squealed. "You like killing people? I think you must be a very dangerous man, Colonel."

Pater smiled fondly at her and at me, to see us both here talking freely with an English lieutenant-colonel. Patrick poured himself more beer, spilling some on the bearskin. Colonel Savage said, "It's too difficult to explain unless you've been to the wars, and heaven knows I——"

Patrick said loudly: "Everybody couldn't go to the wars."

Colonel Savage said: "Of course not. I was only——"

"The railways had to be run!" Patrick said. He got louder and more excited. "It was essential work. Four times I tried to enlist, but they would not take me. They said——"

Pater interrupted him by saying, "They would not make you a captain like you deserve, you mean!" Pater meant to be unpleasant. He did not really like Patrick.

Then Patrick shouted: "That's not the point, Mr. Jones. They said I was essential! I had to stay and run the railway. There were no medals for that, though there was danger too. There were strikes and derailments sometimes, and men burned alive on the foot-plate in forty-two. There was plenty of danger on the railways, Colonel Savage, I tell you, but there were no medals."

Colonel Savage kept calm, but Patrick's shouting and excitement had infected Pater, so that now he was yelling. "Did they derail your desk, then, man?" he yelled. "I was on the bloody footplate in forty-two, not you. You were making out your graphs!"

I couldn't stand it. I said: "There is no need to shout, Pater." I tried hard to speak softly, but I know that I was shouting.

Patrick took no notice of my warning. I had tried to tell him, to tell all of them, that we were behaving just the way Anglo-Indians are supposed to behave in the worst stories against us; but he blundered on. He shouted: "There was danger everywhere. I say the colonel does not know what it is like to be in danger *all* the time from people all round you, not knowing whether the police even would come in and cut our throats in bed, and having no guns to look after ourselves with. Nothing! I bet the Gurkhas would not like that, eh, Colonel?"

It was strange, since I understood Colonel

Continued on page 35

I stood back, grasping the piece of metal in my hand, with the body lying crumpled and still at my feet. I heard a voice—Ranjit's. "Oh my God, my God. What have you done?"

Science borrows the nation's feet

by JOHN MAY

Kenneth Freeborn's team measured the ticklish twins—and a woman who insisted on wearing two thick layers of wool

At a Kettering school, Freeborn (upright) and a colleague test the fit of children's footwear as a check on the accuracy of the makers' lasts

A WEEK BEFORE the Everest expedition left England last year, a shoe scientist named Kenneth Freeborn arrived at a Wapping warehouse with a sack of cardboard boxes containing massive lightweight boots. Freeborn fitted half of the European members of the expedition that afternoon, but the rest of the boots—including Edmund Hillary's and Sherpa Tensing's—were packed without being tried on.

The leaders of the expedition had emphasized that the boots would be second in importance only to oxygen equipment. Of an experimental design and two-thirds the weight of previous Everest footwear, they were fitted with uppers of thin leather padded like a bed quilt, and their soles had five layers.

The shoemaking workshop in Freeborn's section at the British Boot, Shoe and Allied Trades Research Association's laboratories had completed the thirty-four pairs, made-to-measure, in five weeks.

Hillary, arriving from New Zealand to join the expedition in India, was chary of climbing in boots he had never worn before. Although a similar pair had been tested in forty degrees of frost at the Ministry of Supply's Clothing and Equipment Physiological Research Establishment at Farnborough, it had been impossible in the time to carry out full laboratory trials. But after the expedition had returned to England, Hillary told Freeborn that when climbing in the boots for the final assault he had not given a thought to his feet.

Walked Every Hour In Tests

Forty-year-old Kenneth Claude Freeborn, who, like Hillary, takes size eleven shoes ("his Everest boots fitted me perfectly"), regards the fitting of footwear as a problem in precision engineering—with many variable factors.

One morning he introduced a young woman colleague to a moving canvas platform on an electrically driven "walking machine," and set her off on a day-long session of hourly mile walks—barefoot. Later, the girl walked four miles normally outdoors, stood at her work all day, and took separate shorter walks.

Before and after every session, she mounted the bench in Freeborn's laboratory and immersed her feet in a boot-shaped metal instrument brimming with water at blood heat.

"By measuring what ran over," says Freeborn, "we calculated the volume of her feet." The tests showed that a normal girl's feet can swell by five per cent during the day—a factor he allowed for later in a women's foot survey.

Kenneth Freeborn is a comparative newcomer among ninety physicists, chemists, statisticians, industrial experts and other workers at the B.B.S.A.T.R.A. laboratories in Kettering, Northamptonshire. At a cost of one farthing per head of the population annually—its total income (in 1953 it was £53,000) comes mainly from the shoe industry, but includes a government subsidy—the association seeks to improve the footwear of men, women and children, and the special boots of industrial workers.

"Public Needs To Wake Up"

The work calls for exactness to fine limits. The association's director, Harry Bradley, recruited Freeborn in 1948 to measure the fit of boots and shoes by electronic methods, previously used by Freeborn in road and building research.

"Footwear is the only item covered by the young science of the physiology of clothing that has to fit within one-sixth of an inch—a half-size in the length of shoes," says Bradley, who pioneered the research association from its £500-a-year beginnings in 1922.

Bradley likes to emphasize that the public

Soles that slip can lead to accidents. Freeborn watches an assistant walking on an adjustable ramp. The skid tests are made on wood, concrete and metal

Eileen Robinson has walked barefoot on moving canvas. Now Freeborn checks up to find by how much her feet have swollen

needs to wake up to shoe facts. A shoe shop reported recently that a mother, forgetting the size her child needed, quoted collar size twelve and hat size six, but left indignantly when told that this was an insufficient guide. "People are encouraged to quote the child's age when buying such clothes as shirts," says Freeborn. "Shoe sizes are much more critical and important."

The association is constantly making foot surveys to keep manufacturers accurately informed about sizes and shapes of feet. Taking a survey of nine hundred schoolchildren in the West Riding of Yorkshire, Freeborn and two colleagues found that three out of five boys and four out of five girls were wearing shoes or boots which were too short for them.

Feared Friends' Laughter

More than three-quarters of the boys and girls over sixteen showed resulting deformations —not always serious or permanent—such as distortion of the big-toe joint, clawed and stiff toes, corns and weakened ankles.

One older girl with large, badly cramped feet refused to mention her size for fear of being laughed at by classmates. Fifty per cent of the new boots and shoes worn by children were too short for them, because they had been bought without first being tried on.

Thirty per cent of the shoes were built too high at the sides. When it came to her turn to be examined, one six-year-old girl started to cry. Her shoes had cut her feet under the outside ankle bones, and the survey team stopped work to put medical dressings on them. As a result of the survey, the association tabulated maximum heights for children's shoes which many manufacturers adopted.

Just over a year ago, Freeborn set out with three colleagues to survey women's feet in halls, hotel rooms and factories all over the country —from Tilbury to Glasgow, and Norwich to Pontypool. The response to leaflets and posters headed "Madam, may we borrow your feet for ten minutes?" was good.

The white-coated survey team worked at a laboratory-height bench which the volunteers mounted by steps. Each was received first by a young woman. An expert marked certain anatomical points on the feet with a ballpoint pen, and they were powdered with scentless talcum. Finally, a series of thirty measurements were taken of the ankle, instep, toes, heel and complete foot.

In a few villages first reactions were strange. One woman refused to be measured except wearing two pairs of thick woollen stockings, and another asked when the free shoes would be delivered.

Two Northamptonshire twins were so ticklish that Freeborn and a colleague had difficulty measuring them. Once, an inquisitive husband brought his reluctant wife so that he could watch the team at work, and at another place an indignant chiropodist called to complain about unfair competition. "We explained that we were *not* giving free foot treatment," says Freeborn.

The average woman's foot was size three to four (needing a five or six shoe) and the largest—"one in a thousand"—was a six-foot woman's long, narrow twelve.

Suggestions for a comfort shoe will be the first outcome of this survey, but it will take a year for the statisticians to complete the analysis of approximately 100,000 facts and measurements collected from 2,202 women. Ultimately, the association's workshops will make lasts and model shoes for the benefit of shoe manufacturers.

Freeborn has worked for some seasons now on football boots. With three colleagues, he visited Norwich City F.C. in August, 1949. "We measured the players' feet, examined their boots and discussed the footballer's problem of breaking in his boots to make them fit."

Other teams co-operated. The resulting design, now influencing the style of boots submitted to clubs by manufacturers, was less turned-up at the toe, and did not need to be worn uncomfortably small because the new linen-backed upper could not stretch out of shape. "The next job," says Freeborn, "is a lightweight boot for foreign tours."

An experimental asbestos boot was built for steelworkers to replace the traditional wooden-soled clogs. The man trying it was warned to avoid wet, but he walked through a puddle. The asbestos sole soaked up water, and when he stood on a hot surface again his feet were nearly boiled.

The physics laboratory tests industrial safety boots by dropping a sixty-pound weight from a height of thirty inches on the steel toes. It makes its own machinery for wearing out laces, zip fasteners and the steel shanks of high heel shoes, and for artificially "walking," bending, stretching and wearing shoes and materials to breakdown point. One material recently tested was sea lion leather.

The association receives five thousand communications a year from the shoe industry. One day two different makers sent in safety boots which customers had alleged were dangerously incomplete. "It was a try-on," says Freeborn. "When the toe leather wore, two quarry workers pulled the steel toecaps out, hoping to get new boots free."

Uppers hardened and cracked by excessive perspiration, and crêpe rubber soles softened by oil are common. To establish why they wore out too soon, the chemists analysed the soil on boots worn in an African goldmine. Once, they found that the leather lining of one man's shoes had been rotted by fumes from a coke stove.

The association backs up research theory with practical, but scientifically controlled, boots-on-feet tests. Dustmen, milkmen and postmen have tried out test boots, and recently a baker's roundsman wore a pair for 448 miles, recorded by a pedometer.

Thought Colour Was Unlucky

Continuous wear tests by women, unless on the staff, tend to be unreliable. One woman returned a pair of test shoes unworn, on the grounds that their colour was unlucky. Another liked hers so much that she held up the test until she had worn them at her son's wedding.

Freeborn, whose own son recently passed boot-testing age, keeps a score of local boys and six girls supplied with free shoes. "No machine reproduces the worst possible conditions of wear so well as a schoolboy of eleven to thirteen."

Once, in an outdoor "skid test" for similar soling materials, Kenneth Freeborn and others walked six times up and down an adjustable metal gangway on wood, concrete and metal surfaces at five different angles of slope, while two observers recorded results. The final tests were saved for a snowy day. On that occasion Freeborn descended the steepest angle, one of forty degrees, and went full-length. "That," he says, "was the point of the test." THE END

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

Gamekeeper George's warfare foxes the poachers

by FRANKLIN RUSSELL

Six feathers and a splash of blood betray a raid on the five square miles he guards. So he sets a cunning trap—and waits

AS HE CHASED an armed poacher through an Oxfordshire hedgerow recently, George Stonebridge stumbled over a second poacher hiding in a shallow ditch. He hustled the man back through the hedge to a local policeman, jumped the ditch and ran after the first poacher again.

The man escaped, and Stonebridge returned to where the policeman was waiting. They decided to hide the policeman's car under some nearby trees—and watch. Within two hours, the poacher, a gun under his arm, walked along the road searching for his friend. When confronted by Stonebridge and the policeman, he said resignedly: "You gamekeeper fellows never give up, do you?"

In his determination to keep poachers away from his partridges and pheasants, George Stonebridge, a stocky, sinewy countryman of fifty-five, whose family have been gamekeepers since at least 1800, has to use as much cunning as he does in trapping foxes or exterminating troublesome weasels and stoats. To him, poaching is a serious interference with his efforts to maintain, with nine other keepers, a balance of wild stock on the Duke of Marlborough's 17,000-acre estate, Blenheim Park, near Oxford.

Stonebridge calculates the operating territory of a fox or a poacher by observing minute signs, such as tufts of feathers, drops of blood or bullet scars on tree trunks—then sets his trap accordingly. He has no right to detain poachers himself but he takes their names, and when dealing with a gang he calls in the police. Even a policeman cannot make an arrest on private land and penalties for poaching are light—a maximum fine of £5 with confiscation of guns, nets and game.

Beaten With His Own Club

In dealing with poaching, Stonebridge has had hectic moments, but never as deadly as those experienced by his family in earlier gamekeeping days. His grandfather, once a Bedfordshire keeper, was beaten almost to death with his own shillelagh by a gang of poachers, and was thrown unconscious into a ditch. More recently, in 1949, the head keeper on the Blenheim estate was knocked out while stalking poachers who were shooting pheasants by torchlight.

In Elizabethan times, gamekeepers set huge, spring-loaded traps which caught and broke a man's legs. "Poachers often operated merely to get something to eat in those days," says Stonebridge. "Rabbits were their game. But today, armed with high-powered .22 rifles with silencers, they go poaching on a commercial scale."

According to Stonebridge, poachers, like animals, are creatures of habit. A couple of seasons ago, he found an old car parked near a clump of oak trees. As he was hurrying to another job, he did not investigate. "They'll always come back," he says. The following Sunday, he stationed himself on the lee side of a hedgerow and sat patiently smoking his rolled cigarettes. When a man appeared with two pheasants sticking out of a bag, Stonebridge confronted him and asked him if he had permission to shoot.

"Yes," said the poacher, and named a nearby farmer. Stonebridge was unimpressed. "I'll take your name, then, just as a check." The name turned out to be false, but the man was later brought before the court on the evidence of his number plates, which Stonebridge had recorded as part of his routine in such cases.

His knowledge of pheasants and partridges is so precise that, in addition to knowing every nest, he knows where his "dangerous roosters" spend the night. These are birds which in winter sleep in exposed places, such as in leafless trees near a road.

One bitterly cold morning last winter, Stonebridge discovered six feathers and a splash of blood under a tree in which he knew a cock pheasant used to roost. He deduced that the bird had been shot and that the poacher, encouraged by his success, would probably return. The following Sunday, Stonebridge lay in wait and caught the poacher at dawn as he appeared with a silenced rifle under his arm.

Stonebridge's personal territory of three thousand acres, or nearly five square miles, is so huge that he can maintain only what he calls a skeleton coverage of the area. During a typical nesting season day, he sets out at dawn from his stone house near Woodstock, ten miles out of Oxford, and walks four or five miles, checking nests and making sure his roosting cock birds are undisturbed. By ten o'clock he is home in time to snatch breakfast before setting out to another part of his territory. Before dusk, he has time to make a third trip, making a total walking distance for the day of about fifteen miles.

Stonebridge's efforts throughout the year are

A visitor watches as George sets a snare for estate. He finds that as vermin are killed,

George Stonebridge uses humane traps to kill smaller vermin such as rats. In Elizabethan times, break-leg traps were used for poachers

weasels and stoats on the Duke of Marlborough's nature maintains their numbers with big broods

In the early summer, George often spends all night in the woods to protect pheasants just released from the aviary. On a tour of the estate, he finds a nest unnoticed by passers-by

aimed at producing a good first day's shoot of partridges. A successful shoot depends on a skilful drive by beaters in a particular area—a manoeuvre as carefully planned as a military operation. Stonebridge spends hours studying the lie of the land throughout his territory before the first shoot on September 1, the official start of the partridge season. He watches the directions in which coveys fly for food.

When planning a recent drive of nearly a mile which crossed about six hundred acres, he knew that at least six coveys totalling nearly one hundred birds usually travelled in search of food across ten fields, a road, and then over a crop of potatoes. "This was an ideal situation," says Stonebridge, "because I knew that if I placed the six guns behind the potato field, the birds would go to ground there and when flushed would probably fly straight and true above the shooters' heads."

Ruthless Attack On Vermin

Because partridges and pheasants are relatively scarce in Britain, Stonebridge's battle with animals of prey is ruthless. He has to anticipate the arrival of vermin on his land from unpatrolled areas. On one disastrous night a few years ago, a pair of newly arrived foxes caught and killed fifteen nesting partridges, an estimated loss of more than 250 birds. Another time, an egg-eating badger was cleaning out one or two nests a night. Stonebridge surveyed the territory, traced the badger to a huge "earth" on a nearby farm and persuaded the farmer to allow him to gas the burrows. The depredations stopped. "But the farmer then developed a love for badgers," says Stonebridge, "and he wouldn't allow me near his badger earths again."

Pheasants, which are even more vulnerable than partridges, are bred on the estate in aviaries and released in early summer. At this time, Stonebridge frequently stays all night in the woods, protecting the roosting birds until they become aware of the dangers surrounding them.

During the breeding season, one of Stonebridge's greatest enemies is the farmyard cat. "Some farms have twenty to thirty cats roaming around," he says. "Often they don't get enough to eat, and they make up the deficiency by hunting my partridges."

Two seasons ago, Stonebridge began finding feathers near deserted nests, or odd feathers in rough grass arching over the top of the nest, caught there when the partridge rose to safety while a cat was stalking it. Stonebridge calculated where the animal would hunt the following night and caught it.

As an extra precaution, Stonebridge often removes eggs from exposed nests and replaces them with wooden eggs. The real eggs go in an incubator, and when they are close to hatching Stonebridge replaces them under the still-sitting partridge. Frequently, a partridge sitting on wooden eggs is killed or driven away by vermin, and when this happens Stonebridge makes a survey of all the partridge nests in his area, calculates which eggs are nearest the incubation period of those of the dead bird and then distributes the eggs among five or six nests.

Stonebridge has an acute sense of smell, like the animal he hunts and protects. But, according to him, the modern English countryside reeks of chemicals used in agriculture. This prevents him from effectively using the old system of artificial odours to repulse foxes from nests. "The only smell the fox really hates now is that of mankind," he says.

The partridge faces many dangers. In June, power mowers sweep through crops of lucerne, clover and grass, destroying hundreds of young birds unable to fly. Tractor wheels rolling close to hedges crush nests. Magpies and hedgehogs are fond of partridge eggs. Without Stonebridge and his colleagues, the partridge would soon be extinct at Blenheim Park.

Frequently, his biggest enemy turns out to be not foxes, badgers, or stoats, but the weather. On the cold and wet Coronation Day last year all his birds were hatching. "I could see the hen birds trying to mother their freshly hatched chickens," he recalls. "It was a pitiful sight. They couldn't move a yard without leaving a dead chicken behind them. They were so paralysed by the cold that I could walk right up to them."

Stonebridge's extermination of pests is largely offset by nature. As he reduces the number of vermin he notices an automatic reaction towards bigger broods and longer breeding seasons. For this reason, he supports the hard pruning down of animals and he is even inclined to welcome a hard winter season for his partridges. "A cold spell weeds out all the rubbish," he says. "You can almost see them disappearing from day to day and this leaves sturdy stock for the following breeding season."

Vanishing With The Estates

As he sees the great estates shrinking steadily, Stonebridge knows that he is one of a dying breed. In the last twenty-eight years, he has never slept away from Blenheim Park, although he goes to Oxford twice a year, and very occasionally to London. Gamekeeping is not a well-paid job and Stonebridge supplements his earnings by shooting grey squirrels for a bounty of a shilling a tail or selling rabbits and stoat and weasel skins.

He sees his job becoming steadily more concerned with controlling rabbits, traditionally the most brainless of all wild creatures. But they are cunning enough for Stonebridge.

"When I set traps in one large warren on the estate a few years ago," he says, "I overlooked one entrance hole. In the morning, instead of having caught fifty rabbits or more, I had only two in the traps. All the other rabbits, probably more than a hundred, had left the warren by that single, untrapped entrance."

THE END

THE MEXICAN COWBOY

by ***DONALD MacCLURE***

ILLUSTRATED BY KENNETH WYNN

He was gay, handsome, with a sparkling pair of eyes. And his eyes were on the boss's daughter

ABOUT SUNDOWN on a sultry June day he rode singing up the trail to the Bridle Bit Ranch, a tall, tattered Mexican with the voice of a young bull. He looked like a youthful bandit descended on hard times. His ancient hull of a saddle was worn to the wood and patched with rawhide.

Bob Denton, the foreman of the ranch, looked once at the man and twice at the horse. It was a dun stallion—a *bayo coyote*. The coat was alive like early morning sunlight on the bluffs along the Rio Grande. The mane and tail hung black as night, and a stripe the same shade ran from tail to withers. Denton laid aside the month-old El Paso paper as the rider drew up at the ranch-house gallery.

The Mexican lifted his hat. "You have a job for the best rider in the country?" There was a sprig of sage stuck in the battered hat-band, and in the failing light the man's teeth and eyes shone.

"We're full-handed," Denton said.

The rider shrugged. "A good ranch, he needs

His teeth flashed in a smile. "*Caramba!* This is not the scrawny kitten I see in La Tule?" he cried. To Denton's annoyance, the girl smiled back

two hands. You and your five or six men make one hand. I, Ramón Gaspar Cristobal Manriquez, make the other. Not so?" His eyes sparkled.

Denton stared at him, mildly amused. "'Light and stay for supper," he said. "I'll talk to the Old Man."

He went to see the Old Man after supper. Sam Tarrant nodded. He said he had seen the stallion from his window. If the old man had a vice, it was horses.

But the Mexican received a colder welcome in the hands' quarters. For three days they ignored him. The fourth night, during a prolonged electrical storm, a cattle buyer from Dodge City arrived at the ranch.

Sam was at La Tule for the night, trying to collect an old bill from Don Alarid. With the rain pounding on the roof, the men cut the cards to see who would have to fetch him. Ramón cut a queen. He crowed lustily and bragged it was his luckiest card. The foreman cut for Harry Wilson, already in his bunk with a rheumatic leg. Harry's six of hearts was low, and he started to crawl out.

"*Caramba!*" Ramón cried, pushing him back. "You're too sick for a job like this. I, Ramón Gaspar Cristobal Manriquez, will ride to La Tule! What is a little rain? It rain the night I am born, and the rain, he is my mother. My father, he is the lightning."

After being on a horse all day, he went out to ride a wet saddle all night. Between the rolls of thunder the hands could hear him singing "La Chata" lustily from the horse corral.

When he came back from La Tule, he found a quiet welcome from the men. That day they noticed that his rope seldom missed, that his piggin' string never became untied. He rode any horse the foreman gave him, and had the skill of a veterinary with stock. When Denton's mount stumbled in a prairie dog hole, Ramón imperiously took charge of the horse and used his own canteen to flood the bleeding shoulder. Calming the trembling animal with a flow of coaxing Spanish, he stitched the deep cuts.

DENTON gave no thanks that day, but the following afternoon rode up to the Mexican on the range. He spoke quietly. "I seen your stallion away making for the hills. Maybe you want to take a day off and fetch him back? If you don't, he'll be wilder than a heifer you got to milk in a gourd."

Ramón smiled. "*Caramba!* I like to be wild like that myself! You Americanos don't know how it feels to be free. But thanks, *amigo*. I don't need the *bayo coyote* now. I leave him wild. When I leave this place I hunt him. A day, a week—it costs me nothing."

The foreman eased sidewise in his saddle, staring across the haze-washed Black Mesa among the hills. "I reckon, Ramón, I ought to tell you something. Tomorrow the Old Man's daughter comes home from schooling."

"Good!" said the Mexican. "Is a wonderful thing to talk about a señorita, no?"

"No is right this time," the foreman said. "What I want to tell you is—once upon a time this kid was a Mexican. She had no people and Sam's wife had no kids. So they took her to raise. Now they think of her like she was their'n. They changed her name from Carmel Ochoa to Mary Tarrant."

Ramón nodded. "I hear about her."

"You know it, then," the foreman nodded. "Well, all I wanted to say sorta was that the Old Man and his wife have forgot she was a Mexican. She's American now. Maybe you savvy what I mean?"

The Mexican's dark face was impassive, but his black eyes glittered sardonically. "Ah, sure. You mean I don't make love to her, yes?"

Denton's eyes turned a trifle frosty. "I wouldn't aim to try it, *amigo*. Sam Tarrant wouldn't fire you. He'd just kill you on sight."

Friday morning the Old Man himself drove

Mary's voice was passionate, pleading. "You won't let them hang Ramón?" she said. Denton looked grim. "Out here it's the law," he said

the buckboard to meet the stage at Williams, and brought her home. On Saturday morning Bob Denton watched her as she walked from the house to the corral. She had a message for him, and she gave it, then she stayed a while, chatting at the rail. She was seventeen now, and matured as any northern girl of twenty. She was ripe as a Sonora peach, with black laughing eyes and that indefinable Castilian composure.

Bob Denton was no conversationalist, and his small talk soon ran out. The girl stayed on, looking into the corral. Inside, Ramón was riding a squealing *oscuro*, whose back had never held saddle before. The *oscuro* was Roman-nosed. His legs were like coils of a steel spring. He gave Ramón quite a time.

Suddenly Denton realized Mary Tarrant wasn't looking at the horse. Her eyes were on the reckless, moving rider with the sweated brigand face. Denton had no idea Ramón had seen her. But the moment the fighting horse declared a truce, his rider whirled him out of the corral over to Denton and the girl. Ramón's dark, dust-streaked face was alight.

"*Caramba!*" he exclaimed, sweeping off his battered, high-crowned hat. "This—she is not the little scrawny kitten, Carmelita Ochoa, I see once in La Tule?"

The scowling foreman saw Mary Tarrant's face warm. She gave a little cry of pleasure.

"You are from La Tule, too?"

RAMÓN's teeth flashed. "I am on a visit there once when I am a kid. But I never know you now if the foreman didn't tell me." His face turned sober with the quick change of mood of his race. "I say to myself when I see you standing at the gate: '*Caramba!* She is the most beautiful girl I have ever seen!'" He said it swiftly in the extravagant Mexican fashion.

Something in Mary Tarrant's raised face warned the foreman. But you couldn't very well order the Old Man's seventeen-year-old daughter to the house.

For the rest of the week he could not get out of his head the picture of those two, Manriquez and Mary Tarrant, talking and laughing together. . . . He felt uncomfortably responsible for the Mexican's presence on the Bridle Bit.

The following week, Mrs. Tarrant issued invitations to a social and dance in honour of Mary's return. It was the dance part that bothered the foreman. . . . There would be trouble if Sam Tarrant saw his daughter dancing with the Mexican all evening. He was brooding over it when Ramón approached him, eyes sparkling.

"But this is a ranch after my own heart!" he exulted. "It even has a dance in the summer time. At last I must get some new clothes. Since Mary comes I feel I wear the clothes the devil wear when San Miguel tramp him under his foot." He plucked ironically at his torn shirt and breeches. "Here is the mark of San Miguel's boot! And here is where the devil scratch himself with his horn and hoof!" His dark eyes grew soft and coaxing. "You talk to *el patrón* for me, señor? So I am not a disgrace at the dance?"

Denton's grey eyes remained unsympathetic. "Sam Tarrant don't pay until pay day, Ramón. He's lost it too often that way."

Ramón smiled. "I will see him myself," he said, and walked over to the ranch.

It wasn't necessary to see him come out to know the outcome.

For twenty-four hours Ramón remained sunk in a melancholy trance. Then he brightened and his enthusiastic "*Caramba!*" and "*Bueno!*" were heard again about the ranch.

On Friday evening, the night before the party, he asked the loan of a Bridle Bit horse. With a mocking glitter in his eyes, he told Denton he was going to borrow five dollars in La Tule and make it up to five hundred playing monte. Denton watched him leave.

Manriquez did not return that night. At breakfast next morning he rode up. He had a new carved Frazier saddle, skin-tight breeches, boots with higher heels and fancier stitches than Sam Tarrant's, a bright yellow shirt, and a hat with a brim wide enough to run a horse race on.

He had probably had no sleep except what he had gathered on his saddle riding back, but he put in as hard a Saturday's work as any man in the outfit. And he would have danced all Saturday night if they had let him.

Unluckily for Ramón, the old fiddler didn't arrive. Mrs. Tarrant was in a quandary for music until the foreman whispered that Ramón could play the guitar. . . . All night the Mexican was obliged to stand in a dark corner in his new clothes, a wooden guitar in his arms, his dark features melancholy. But as he played his glittering eyes followed Mary about the room.

SOME days later, Denton discovered that two of Sam Tarrant's blooded mares were missing. It was not difficult to steal horses in Williams Valley. Mares were left free to graze the range. They ran together in select bunches much as human beings do. And, like human beings, there was no way to account for their likes and dislikes. The two missing mares had been inseparable from a worthless flea-bitten grey. The grey was still on the range, wandering about alone and quite disconsolate.

Denton's face was grave as he rode slowly back to the ranch buildings that day. He remembered now little things whose significance had escaped him at the time—Ramón's favourite songs of the lonely prisoner awaiting death, his wild passion for what he called freedom, his mocking smile when he had ridden to La Tule. . . .

He sent Ramón to the Cottonwood Spring camp for the night, then questioned the other hands. None of them could remember seeing the two missing mares for days—not, they reluctantly admitted, since Ramón had gone to La Tule.

Bob Denton had worked for Sam Tarrant nearly ten years. But he had never seen the

RAFFLES

ONE OF THE most popular heroes of fiction—A. J. Raffles, the original gentleman crook—comes to JOHN BULL next week. In the first of a sparkling new series of adventures, he makes a triumphant return to the gay and glittering days of Victorian London.

Since Raffles was created fifty-five years ago by the late E. W. Hornung, there has been a number of revivals, in modern dress, of the gay adventurer. Many of the books and films that portrayed him in the 1930s were written by Barry Perowne, the acknowledged Raffles expert. And it is Perowne who, with the full approval of Hornung's executors, has written this brilliant new series of stories—and put Raffles back in the nineties, the scene of some of his greatest triumphs, in a London where the pickings are fabulous. . . .

The first story is called *The Return Of Raffles*. It opens with the State visit of a European emperor to London. Haughty, tyrannical, ruthless, he is surrounded by his network of spies. And into that network strolls the immaculate A. J. Raffles.

Do not miss the first splendid Raffles story, which appears, complete . . .

NEXT WEEK IN JOHN BULL

TO BE SURE OF YOUR COPY, FILL IN THE ORDER FORM BELOW

To newsagent: Please deliver/reserve John Bull every week

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

look that came into the Old Man's face when the significance of Ramón's new clothes and saddle came over him. When the first explosion had died down, he gave explicit instructions. Nothing was to be said to the Mexican. The next time he left the ranch he was to be followed.

The following Saturday evening, Ramón brazenly borrowed another horse for La Tule. When he had gone, Denton and one of the hands slipped out after him. They rode within a few miles of La Tule, but saw no trace of him. Early Sunday morning, he was back at the ranch with a belt of silver conchas, each shell as large as the print of a colt's hoof. The belt he presented to Mary.

AN hour afterwards, Denton and Latshaw began a tally of Bridle Bit mares. At sundown the Old Man was waiting for the report in his quarters. He sent Mary out, and Denton told him that his young XIX mare was gone. The foreman knew the look that would come into the rancher's face. The mare was a beauty, a *grulla* with a coat like a lady's blue-grey suède glove.

Sam Tarrant was on his feet before his foreman had finished. He led the way to the men's quarters where the others had sat down to supper. He took his hand from his pocket and there was Mary's concha belt in his clenched fist. Denton half expected to see him slap it into Ramón's face, but he laid it quietly beside the Mexican's tin plate.

"From now on, Manriquez," he said breathlessly, "I reckon the Bridle Bit's got to get along without you." He held up a mottled hand as Ramón started to speak. "Hold your reins. I don't want to hear a lying word out of you. All I want is that you get out of here tonight on that *oscuro* you gentled. I'm trading him to you for what pay you got comin'. And if them three mares ain't back to the ranch by six o'clock Sunday evening, I'll hang you to the handiest gate pole!"

He turned and made his way to his own quarters. When he had gone, Ramón looked slowly round the table, his long bandit face erect, a spot of red in each cheek.

"You think, *compadres*, I steal those mares?"

The men stirred with embarrassment. Then Latshaw, the ranch wag, said dryly: "We're not sayin' you took 'em, Ramón. All we know is if you wanted to you could steal the well while the Old Man was takin' a drink out of the dipper."

That broke the tension. Ramón said, "*Bueno!*" and when the meal was over he tore the carved silver conchas from the belt and gave one to each man, including the cook, as a token of his friendship. He shook every hand, embraced Latshaw and Denton, and was gone into the night, triumphant as any prince leaving for the wars.

When the foreman caught a glimpse of Mary the next few days, he saw that her eyes were swollen. Once or twice he thought she wanted to talk to him, but he gave her no opportunity. He felt that for all Ramón's bravado, the Mexican was not fool enough to carry this thing too far. But Saturday night came along and the mares had still not been returned. By Sunday, Denton knew they were not going to be.

That evening, Sam Tarrant met Denton and Latshaw as they rode in from the range early.

"Seen Mittens anywheres?" he asked harshly.

The two men exchanged glances. Neither had seen the mare for several days.

"She's gone!" Sam's mouth closed like a clam. "I've been in the saddle all day. No sign of her, hide or hair."

DENTON'S mouth fell open. Sam had made a pet out of the little mare; she seldom ran with the others, but hung around the corrals like a dog.

"He must have come inside a half-mile from the house to get her," the Old Man said with tight lips. "We're startin' early. Take plenty of men, your guns, and an extra rope."

As the foreman was pulling off his boots that evening, a soft knock came at the door. It was Mary.

"You will do something for me?" she begged. Ordinarily she spoke English without a trace of an accent, but tonight her words held a passionate Mexican intonation. "You will not let them hang Ramón?"

Denton's face was grimly set. "Mary," he said uncomfortably, "town folk think it's murder to hang a man for stealin' horses. Maybe it is. Out here it's the law. You know it. And Ramón knows it. He knew it before he did it."

"He was your friend!" she accused.

"I reckon he still is," Denton said, troubled. "If they were my mares, the worst I'd do to him would be to send him to the calaboose. Why don't you talk to your father?"

"How can I talk to him?" she demanded. "If he sees how much I beg for Ramón's life, then he'll know, and I'll never see Ramón again." Her voice broke, and she hurried away in the darkness.

It was a grim cavalcade that set out from the Bridle Bit at daylight. They tried to find Mittens's trail. But the range was tracked up endlessly with unshod mares' hoofs. Sam took his men to La Tule.

Every man they talked to in La Tule professed complete ignorance of Ramón and the four mares. But Don Alarid, the Mexican stock buyer, was plainly frightened by the sight of Sam's glaring eye and three armed men. He went into his house, probably to the bottom of an old trunk, and came out with profuse apologies and the several hundred dollars he owed to Sam. The Old Man gave no thanks. Sticking the gold and silver and dirty bills into his pocket, he rode away, vowing that all male Mexicans were natural-born thieves and liars.

From La Tule the Old Man led his posse towards Tom Greer's lonely ranch in the broken Prieta country. Sheep herders on the way stared stolidly when they were asked questions, but the head man of the herders was frank and helpful. For several nights, he said, he had looked on a distant fire near the Black Mesa. He insisted that it was not the fire of a herder because he knew the daily location of every flock of sheep in the country.

The Old Man was sceptical until dusk fell and he saw for himself the red winking star from the ridges. Then he started his men towards it.

THEY reached the blaze in three hours. Ramón was squatting over it, cooking tortillas. He did not rise. Through the smoke his burning eyes fastened on Sam Tarrant.

"*Cóm estamos?*" he said politely, in the native idiom, when none of his visitors spoke. "You come in time for *cafecito*."

"You and Latshaw take his gun," Sam ordered his foreman.

Denton and Latshaw dismounted. Ramón offered no resistance. They found no gun.

The old unquenchable fire had leaped into Ramón's eyes. "Before you hang me I give you a toast!" He held up his tin cup. "To the *bandido* who steal the Bridle Bit mares! A long life and many boys." He drained the cup, his dark eyes glittering defiantly over the rim.

"Tie him up!" snapped Sam Tarrant.

"Is a shame to go all the way up on the mesa for a tree," the Mexican mocked. "If it is only a life you want, I make you a present. My knife is yours—also my throat. Only one favour I ask. Stand me on my head so that my shirt stays without blood. It is too beautiful to be ruined."

He kept taunting them while they tied his wrists. Latshaw lifted him on to a horse, and the five men rode up a rocky gorge. When they reached the mesa top it was level, like the vast dump of some prehistoric furnace. In a far corner the blue cedars had gathered into a thicket.

"Been a horse up here," Latshaw muttered.

Before the riders reached the first of the pines, a lone horse burst from the cedars. He rushed towards the riders, his manner menacing, tail, head and steps high. It was Ramon's *bayo coyote*, but more lordly than he had been at the ranch. In the rich moonlight his coat shone like something alive.

Sam's face remained frozen. "Get that rope over him," he ordered.

The noose was fastened around Ramón's neck, with the bulky knot under his left ear in

Continued on page 34

REACH FOR THE SKY (4) Paul Brickhill's life of Douglas Bader

"Could you marry a man with no legs?"

It was a natural question for a mother to ask. But Thelma had no doubts. How could she regard the man she loved as a cripple when he walked, danced and flew a plane?

TOWARDS THE END of June, 1932, Douglas Bader received a pleasant note from the Under Secretary of State for Air, Sir Philip Sassoon, inviting him for a weekend at his house near Lympne. Clearly it would be not only a pleasant weekend but a chance to find out where he stood for his future in the Air Force.

It was six months since twenty-two year old Douglas Bader had crashed his plane and lost his legs (the right one had been amputated above the knee, the left a few inches below). With the aid of two artificial legs, he had now taught himself to walk again—without a stick. He had also learnt to drive a car, a good augury for his hopes of flying once more. This had become vitally important to him; to be accepted as a pilot again would mean that he was a normal man; rejection would mean that he was regarded as a cripple.

At that time, Bader was on leave from the R.A.F. hospital at Uxbridge and was staying with his old squadron at Kenley. Sir Philip had suggested that he bring a young man from the squadron with him as a companion, so he drove down in his M.G. with Peter Ross, a thickset, lively young pilot officer with whom he had become friendly. Sir Philip was a millionaire and his house was a mellow old mansion set among cypress trees on a slope beside Lympne Aerodrome, where 601 Auxiliary Squadron was busy flying Hawker Demon two-seater fighters on its annual summer camp.

The Saturday afternoon they spent lying beside the swimming-pool with the Demons taking off and noisily climbing, just over the pool and the tree-tops. As one of them roared over, Bader said wistfully: "By gosh, I wish I were up there again." He turned to his host and added: "You know, sir, I'm quite sure I could fly perfectly well now. It'd be easier than driving a car—not so much footwork."

"Well, they've got an Avro 504 on the aerodrome," Sir Philip said. "Would you like to have a shot at it?"

"I'd *love* to," Bader said, exhilarated and hardly believing. At dinner that night Sir Philip said: "I've had a word with the C.O. of 601. The Avro will be ready for you in the morning, and Ross can go with you in the other cockpit." They were the most melodious and exciting words he had ever heard.

In the morning it felt wonderful just to be putting on overalls, helmet and goggles again

Bader dances with his wife Thelma in London this year. On their first date—in 1932, when he had just learnt to walk on his new legs—Bader boldly asked for a dance. All went well till he trod on her foot—with his wooden one

Bader and his M.G., 1934. Shortly before, he and Thelma just escaped injury in an accident. The car's repair bill almost ended their wedding plans

and to be walking up to a well-remembered Avro. "Take it as long as you like," said Norman, the C.O. of 601. "All I ask is that you bring it back in one piece."

Getting into the cockpit was not the trouble he thought it might be. He put his foot into the slot at the side of the rear cockpit and Ross gave him a heave up. Then, clutching the leather-padded rim of the cockpit with his left hand, it was simple to grab his right calf and swing it over into the seat. He eased himself down, delighting instantly in the old, familiar smell of an Avro cockpit, the blend of castor oil, dope, leather and metal that rolled the months back more subtly and potently than any other sense. He set each foot on the rudder-bar and pushed each end in turn—it was easy; nerveless in the foot but sensitive in the left shin and right thigh. He'd *literally* be flying by the seat of his pants.

Ross climbed into the front and shortly his voice came through the earphones: "Shall I start her up from here, Douglas?"

"No," he said, "just turn on your switches and take your hands off. Leave everything alone. I'll do it."

The Huck starter backed up and turned the propeller; the warmed-up engine caught smoothly and throatily and the aeroplane was quivering with life. He ran up to test magnetos, set the cheese-cutter trim in neutral, waved the chocks away and taxied carefully downwind, jabbing the rudder and finding it easy to steer. Turning at the hedge he saw the grass stretching down to Romney Marsh, pushed the throttle forward and the engine let out a deep, hearty bellow. She started rolling, and as the tail came up and she yawed with the torque, he prodded automatically at the rudder and she straightened, gathering speed.

Pure joy flooded him at that moment; he knew already he was completely at home. At about fifty-five miles an hour he let her come gently off the grass, climbed a little, turned and circled the aerodrome and then steered for Kenley. The old touch was back, and as she cruised over the familiar fields he was sublimely happy. A circuit over Kenley and then he was slanting in to land. This was the acid test.

A Neat—And Happy—Landing

She swayed and dipped docilely as he nursed her with delicate and quick little movements of stick and rudder, so easily that he did not notice how simple and automatic it was to hold her straight. Quite unconscious of the legs, he flattened, held back, back, back, and then she touched gently on three points. Ross turned his head back from the front cockpit. "Not bad," he grinned. "Not bad at all. I couldn't do much better myself."

He helped Douglas out, guiding his left foot into the slot because the wooden foot could not feel it. A lanky figure sauntered across the tarmac to them. "Hallo," said Harry Day, Bader's former squadron leader. "Peter been giving you a taste of the air again?"

"No, he hasn't," Bader grinned. "I was just giving him a lesson."

"*You* were!" Day said. "Well, I might have known it was you from that ruddy awful landing."

After an extremely cheery lunch in the mess, Bader flew Ross in the Avro back to Lympne and made another neat landing. At the house Sir Philip asked how he had got on, and he said: "Absolutely fine, sir. Honestly, no different at all from flying with my old legs." Later he added carefully: "I have to go before a medical board, sir, to see if I can fly again. I was rather hoping you might let them know in advance that I actually have flown again and that it's perfectly simple with these legs."

Sir Philip said: "You let me know before you go for your board and I'll see to it."

That was all he needed. The clincher! All worries fell away in that moment. He'd be back on the squadron flying again as though nothing had happened, with the full life he wanted so badly stretching out in front of him. In that faith a glow suffused every part of him.

After that wonderful weekend he drove to Oxford to visit his old school, St. Edward's. Kendall, the Warden, had been writing encouragingly ever since the accident and had suggested that Bader take part in the Old Boys' cricket match. Bader, a first-rate cricketer who had played for the R.A.F. before his crash, had accepted joyfully. When he arrived, the Warden and the masters were amazed to see how mobile he was and, changing into flannels, he felt on top of the world.

The Old Boys batted first and Bader went in third wicket down, with a man by the square-leg umpire to run for him. As soon as he had the bat in his hands taking block at the crease he felt natural, but when the first ball came down, pitched a shade too full on the off, and he tried lunging out to drive it, he suddenly felt hobbled and helpless, and the ball flashed by the wicket-keeper. The same thing happened next ball; it

was as bad as having his ankles tied together. He knew then that his old habit of jumping down the pitch was finished: he would have to wait for the ball and swing cautiously from the shoulders, and even then it had to be a limited swing or he would over-balance.

Still, the eye was as keen as ever and shortly he broke his duck by glancing one to leg. It was easier to pull balls than stroke them out to the off. He got another single, then a two, and cheering broke out round the ground as he pulled a fast one to the leg boundary. Shortly after he did the same again and had scored eighteen before he flicked one on the off into the wicket-keeper's gloves. Walking back, he was cheered to the pavilion.

So far, highly gratifying, but when he went to field in the slips he was useless unless a ball came high into his hands; he just could not get down to stop a grounded ball in time, and if he tried too hard he only fell over. He refused to give up, but by the time the side came off the field he was exhausted. It was not a defeat for the legs that day, but neither was it a victory; it left him with a mildly depressed feeling that he would rather not play seriously again, partly because the contrast with the old days would be hurtful, and partly because he felt he could not pull his weight on any team.

"I Won't Crash Again, Mother"

Later that week he drove home to Sprotborough and relaxed for several weeks in peace. His mother asked him one day what his plans were, and he answered: "I'm going to stay on in the Air Force, Mother. I'll be flying again and everything will be fine."

"I thought you might have had enough of flying now."

"Good gosh, no," he said. "I've had my crash now. I won't have any more." In fact, at that time he did have an illogical faith (later destroyed) that he had had his issue of crashes; a little like an artilleryman's theory that a shell never lands in the same place as another. Besides, he pointed out tactlessly, if he crashed again like the last time it would not matter because he had no more legs to lose.

Back at Kenley a telegram arrived telling him to report for his medical board and he drove down to the Central Medical Establishment in Kingsway, filled with confidence. He went the rounds of the doctors, who examined his eyes and ears and throat, listened to his heart and chest and tapped him here and there. One of them absentmindedly took up a ruler to tap his knees for reflexes and then dropped it with a foolish laugh. "Sorry, old boy, I forgot. We'll take your reflexes as read."

The doctor who took his blood pressure looked up and mused: "That's interesting. Your blood pressure's down; quite normal now." He decided it must be because the lack of legs reduced the distance that the blood had to be pumped and added: "You'll probably be less inclined to black out in steep turns and dives too, because you've got less extremities for the blood to sink into." Then, with a grin: "Something to be said for losing your legs after all."

Passed Him Fit For Flying

The senior doctor, a wing commander, glanced over the findings, and said: "Well, you seem to be in pretty good shape, so we're passing you out as A2H, which means restricted flying at home. I'm afraid you won't be able to go solo with that, but we'll recommend you for a posting to the Central Flying School at Wittering and see what the flying boys think of you."

Bader accepted the finding equably. He knew he would have no trouble with the flying boys, and while waiting for a posting went back to Uxbridge (the depot, not the hospital, this time) and did normal duties, taking parades, acting as orderly officer and so on. It made staying on in the Air Force seem so natural.

Several times he went to the artificial limb makers at Roehampton for more adjustments to the legs. He also kept driving over to the Pantiles for tea to meet his new friend, the waitress, though he still did not know the girl's name and, affected by dormant self-doubt, hesitated to make any overt move. Yet he felt the friendship was ripening very agreeably, so that it came as a shock one day when she mentioned that she was leaving the Pantiles soon and going back to live with her parents in London. It disturbed him more than he thought it would. It was time he did something about it, he decided.

What The Devil Was Her Name?

Then the posting arrived, ordering him to the glowing new horizon at the Central Flying School, but his pleasure was tempered by the knowledge that Wittering was far away. One last time he drove to the Pantiles resolved to do something about it, and said to the girl when she arrived: "I'm going away, too."

"Oh," she said, sounding politely interested but not ostensibly crushed.

"Going up north to Wittering to start flying again." He tried to be offhand about it, but she clearly guessed its importance because she smiled with pleasure and said: "Oh, you'll like that, won't you? I *am* glad."

This was the moment. He said, trying to sound casual again: "I was wondering if you'd care to come out with me one night in London if I can get down."

"That would be nice. I'd love to," she said, sounding neither too eager nor too cool, but observing the rules for young women impeccably.

(What the devil was her name?)

He said blandly: "Would you give me your address and telephone number in London?"

The girl, knowing quite clearly what he was thinking, printed on the back of a tea ticket: Thelma Edwards, 12 Avonmore Mansions, Kensington, W.14.

"Oh, thanks awfully," he said, relieved. "My name's Douglas Bader." She had known that for weeks. Three of her cousins were Air Force officers, and she had asked them a lot of questions about the interesting young man who had lost his legs. Bader did not discover that till later, when he also found that her father had been a wing commander, that her stepfather was a colonel and that the girl had been a young woman of leisure until her beloved pet dog had died, and she had gone to stay with a grandmother at Windlesham and taken the Pantiles job to get her mind off her grief about the dog.

Date At The Café De Paris

For a while he was too joyfully occupied at Wittering to get up to London. His very arrival there on a flying course filled him with thrilling content. First they gave him dual in an Avro 504 and he was so obviously competent that on the third morning his instructor took him up in a two-seater Bulldog. When they landed the instructor said, apparently in ignorance of the doctor's ruling: "Nothing at all wrong with you, old boy. You might as well take her up by yourself after lunch."

After four years in the service, Bader did not volunteer the information that he was not allowed to go solo, but went smugly into lunch where, by the sheerest chance, the station doctor observed with appalling clarity in the hearing of the instructor: "I hear you're doing frightfully well, old boy. You must be *very* fed up at the doctors not allowing you to go solo."

As consolation the instructor promised him a weekend's leave, and he wrote to Thelma saying that he would be in London off duty during the weekend. Would she care to go out with him to the Café de Paris on Saturday night? A decorous note came back accepting and asking if he would care to call for tea beforehand.

On the Saturday morning he set out early in the M.G., with boiled shirt and his tails in a

Continued on page 27

The first picture of Bader taken after he had lost his legs. It was 1932, and with a fellow pilot, Peter Ross (right), he had taken up a plane and proved he could fly without his legs

In 1952 Bader opened a cricket pavilion at his old school, St. Edward's. The Rev. Mr. Kendall recalled when Bader, on artificial legs, played cricket for the Old Boys—and scored eighteen

Girl at the back of beyond

by ***MARGARET BONHAM***

ILLUSTRATED BY HANTS

She was young, elegant, attractive. Martin saw her and cursed. So much for his quiet holiday!

IN THE EXTREME NORTH-WEST of Scotland the country is like, one imagines, the country of the moon. Cratered, pierced by fabulous peaks, it stretches in primeval and unlimited distance, crossed tortuously by a rutted track that is the road, the main road, in fact the only road.

Along it, Martin drove his sixteen-year-old car blithely in the direction of the Arctic Ocean. He felt, indeed, as full of achievement as any Arctic explorer, and as far from South London, where he taught classics at a school for the sons of gentlemen, as the North Pole.

It was high summer, but he had not seen another car for eighteen miles; the only human he had met had been a shepherd with a flock of rather Stone Age-looking sheep. The sky was an airy pale blue, cloudless; the small lochs, set among boulders, transformed its reflection into every shade from aquamarine through turquoise and cobalt to indigo. There was no other colour.

Even under the sun, it was a landscape to inspire awe, incredulity and concern for the back axle, and every so often he broke off his exhilarated whistling to wonder what would happen if the ground clearance proved inadequate, or a wheel went, the big end or the crown wheel and pinion. Garages in Sutherland were few and far between. However, he reflected, it *was* the only road, and sooner or later, anyway within days, someone must come along it. His equipment was expeditionary, and included a towrope, biscuits, chocolate and apples, a rug, two bottles of beer, his fishing tackle and the *Odyssey* in Greek, and it seemed likely he would survive to be rescued.

He started whistling again. Solitude, wildness and distance from home affected him like alcohol.

THE road led him round a spur of rock. The scene that met his gaze as he rounded the curve sobered him up at once like a dash of cold water. In front of him, to the left, was a small bay of levelled stones provided to enable cars to pass each other on the narrow road, which was flanked beyond by a sort of rocky depression. Half in this crater, its rump and nose considerably bashed, was poised a large new petrol-blue sports model. On the opposite side of the road, seated on lumps of stone, were a young man and woman.

They sat calmly, undishevelled, smoking almost dreamily, and watching his approach with such disciple-like confidence in his rôle as Samaritan that he was perversely tempted to drive past, just for the pleasure of seeing their faces change.

He stopped the car with a squeak of brakes and got out.

"Hallo," said the young woman, confirming in two syllables a transatlantic origin he had already guessed at from their clothes.

He said with strict politeness, but without enthusiasm, "Can I help?"

"Oh, you're English," she said. "I'm so glad. We can't understand what they say around here; I thought at first maybe you were a native and we'd have to use signs."

"Even signs," said Martin, stifling an irrational resentment, "seem hardly necessary. You appear to be in a hole; obviously someone must be found to pull you out."

"Fascinating," said the young woman. She gazed at him enthralled, as if she were a collector presented with some rare specimen.

Martin was annoyed. He said stiffly, "I'm glad you think so."

"I mean the way you talk," she said.

MARTIN glared at her in silence. She was elegantly, becomingly and quite unsuitably dressed in a blue suit with a square jacket and a tight skirt, a scarlet shirt-blouse, nylons and scarlet lips and nails; the nearest place she would have looked at home was perhaps Princes Street in Edinburgh, some three hundred miles by road to the south. She had straight, dark hair, smoothed back and coiled high on the head, and long blue eyes. She was, in fact, attractive.

She said, "Will you have a cigarette? Maybe we'd better get acquainted. I'm Lisa Emery, and this is my brother, Lester."

Martin imparted his name and transferred his attention to brother Lester, who sat tranquilly on his stone, immaculate in pale grey trousers, an intricately cut sports jacket and a cream nylon shirt with a blue-grey tie. Martin, tieless and in mudstained corduroys, his hair standing on end in spikes, began to feel like a wild man of the rocks.

He turned to the girl. "What happened? Did your steering go?"

Miss Emery said no, it had been pushed. A man had come round the corner behind them like a rocket, blasted on his horn, and when they'd started pulling into the passing-bay, had hit them in the rear, propelled them into the ditch and gone on his way.

Martin tried not to seem unconvinced; it struck him as an unlikely story. He inspected the back of their car for confirmation, and to his surprise, found the mark of a heavy blow on the offside wing and bumper.

"How long ago did this happen?"

"Maybe quarter of an hour," she said, measuring time by looking at her cigarette.

"Ten minutes," said brother Lester, startlingly giving voice.

"What sort of car was it? Did you get the number?"

"It was black," she said. "Dusty. Kind

Their car was out of action, they were miles from any

of square behind—like yours — but larger."

"You don't know what make?"

"I didn't see the front end."

Martin drew a breath and counted five. "Look," he said, repressing an urge to shake them, "he can't have got far. There's only one way he can have gone; with any luck we should catch up with him, if we don't stay here talking." He spoke in careful monosyllables as if the Emerys were a pair of eighteen-year-olds.

He was rewarded by seeing a child-like expression of interest light up their dreamy faces. The prospect of pursuit, of bucketing across stony wastes like a stagecoach in a Western film, was evidently one that appealed.

LESTER uncoiled to his full height, which was considerable, and helped his sister into the front seat beside Martin, before wedging himself with difficulty into the back among the expeditionary tackle.

They drove off. The afternoon sun began to cast violet shadows under the boulders; the isolated peaks were turning amethyst. Martin thought enviously about cups of tea; he had calculated his drive to end at an hotel not later than five o'clock, a place recommended in the guidebook and deliciously offering tea, a bath, a drink, dinner and a peaceful evening spent

where, but they didn't seem concerned. "What happened?" asked Martin. "Did your steering go?" The girl looked at him. "No," she said. "It was pushed"

with maps and Homer and fishing plans. . . .

The springs, burdened by unaccustomed speed and brother Lester, creaked and groaned, and the tyres bounced horribly from rock to pothole; at each blind bend he had to repress a tendency to shut his eyes. He sighed.

"What part of England is your home?" said Miss Emery.

"London."

"Uh-uh," she said. "We're from New York. Seems kind of strange to meet up here. What do you do?"

"I'm a schoolmaster."

"Mathematics?"

"Latin and Greek." Engrossed in keeping to the track and making as much speed as possible, he maintained a reserved disinterest in the Emerys and their background, but learned nevertheless most of their life-history in the next five miles—their home, their parentage, their college training, Lester's job in insurance, Lisa's as assistant art editor on a magazine, and everything from their views on art and literature to the fillings in their teeth.

All this flowed from the passenger seat beside him, together with wafts of a faint but disturbing perfume. Lester, in the back, was almost entirely mute.

Eventually the road forked. Martin slowed down and studied the names of two outlandish places, neither of which he could pronounce. He said, "Anyone's guess."

"Left," said Lester, behind his ear.

"How do you know?"

"Just a hunch."

MARTIN, not without relief, made no further argument but turned off; it was the road on which, distant but now a shade less unapproachable, his hotel lay. The map shaped itself before his mind's eye.

"There's a ferry," he said. "Do you think he'd go for that?"

"Could be," said Lester. He conveyed, by some miraculous means, a powerful conviction.

"Say we catch up with him," said Miss Emery, "then what?"

Martin considered. What, in fact, did you do in such a situation?

"We could take his number and report him, I suppose," he said.

The Emerys, by a united, eloquent silence, expressed disapproval of this feeble plan. Martin himself, as soon as he had spoken, felt its quality of anti-climax. What the alternative was he had no idea. One part of him hoped the man had taken the right-hand fork in the road; the other, caught up in the hunt, reflected that if Lester's hunch came off there would be news at the ferry.

They ricocheted down a nerve-racking slope in a series of S-bends and at last, below them, the water came into sight, a turquoise sea-loch, narrow and gleaming, in a deep cleft of mulberry-grey stone. Ten yards from the far shore, the ferryboat had started a return journey. It was empty.

"Think he's just crossed?" said Martin.

"Could be." Like an Arizona horseman, eyes narrowed to slits almost the colour of the loch, Lester scanned the steep mountainside opposite.

There was nothing to be seen; the road, visible for a hundred yards or so from the jetty in what looked like a near-perpendicular curve, twined into a gully of rock and vanished. Bucketing down a curve nearly as steep, Martin stopped the car on a surface of stone blocks sloping only gently into the water, pulled on the handbrake and switched off with a breath of relief. The ferryboat, creaking rustily, was halfway across. He got out of the car and saw a man in a jersey sitting on a low wall.

"Has a car just gone over?" he asked.

"Ay."

"Did you notice what make it was?"

"Ay."

Martin waited for amplification, but none

came. "What kind of car was it?" he said.

"Austin Twelve."

"Did you notice the colour?" Then hastily, seeing another "Ay" shaping itself: "What colour, I mean?"

"It will have been black."

"One man driving it?"

"Ay."

"Did he seem to be in a hurry?"

"Ay, indeed."

"I suppose you didn't by any chance see the nearside front wing?"

"Ay."

"Damaged?"

"It had a wee bash. It was no verry serious."

"Possibly not, but he knocked my friends into a ditch." The ferry crawled nearer, maddeningly slow; Martin looked away from it in exasperation, and turning his head, saw behind him a tiny white-washed hotel perched over a terrace with fuchsias and geraniums cascading from the edge. Half an hour ago it would have spelt tea; now he noticed only the wires.

"Can I telephone from there?" he said.

"Ay."

HALFWAY up the steps, calling to Lester to get the car on the ferry, he was arrested by a voice from behind. It said: "Do ye no want the numberr of the carr?"

"Good heavens! You mean you got that too?"

"Ay." He repeated the number.

Murmuring the evidence under his breath, Martin went bounding into the hotel.

He found the telephone in a corner of the deserted hallway. He picked up the receiver, waited till the exchange answered and said: "I'm at the Ferry Hotel. Get me the nearest police to the north, will you?" He felt like someone in a play.

The exchange said it would put him through to Sergeant MacIntyre, at somewhere unintelligible. Soon, a ponderous but disturbingly faint voice, as if from the Arctic Circle, said, "Sergeant MacIntyre speaking."

There was a dim, varnished map on the wall level with Martin's eyes; beginning on his story, he stared at it vaguely and realized that Scotland came to an end not so far north of where he stood. Unless the police station were in a lifeboat, it could hardly be very distant. . . .

"What was the numberr of the carr again?"

Martin repeated it.

"Hold on a wee while." The official receiver was laid smartly on the official desk, and spectral m'mms and rustlings came along the wires. Martin craned his neck, looking out of the window. Below him on the jetty, through a veil of fuchsia, he saw his car being manoeuvred with irresponsible panache on to the ferry.

He shut his eyes and turned back, expecting any moment to hear shouts and a splash. Instead, the sergeant's voice, now loud and clear, assailed his ears. And as he listened, his preoccupation with Lester and the car were swept clean out of his mind.

". . . So in our opeenion he will be the man," the sergeant was saying. "We were aboot to warn the ferry. The prroblem is——"

"Yes, but hang on," said Martin. "I don't understand. What man?"

"Do ye no read the paperrs?"

"No, I'm on holiday. Who is he?"

The sergeant told him. Appalled, Martin clasped the receiver with a mounting sensation of being about to wake up. It was simply not the sort of thing that happened to schoolmasters on fishing holidays. He asked, weakly: "What do you want us to do?"

"I'm thinking ye'd better go on," said the sergeant, "and do what ye can. But I doubt ye'll catch up to him. And I'll hae to warrn you, he may hae a gun. We'll get a carr and be coming doon for him. There's no but the one road—he hasna the chance to get clear."

"Right," said Martin, swallowing. He hung up the receiver, and went outside and down the steps to the jetty. The ferry was there, waiting to leave, with his car safely on board.

In the sheltered loch the scenery had lost its awful desolation, the sun shone and glittered on water of a Mediterranean colour, the rocks were sharp and bare but warmly tinted, purple-shadowed; looking round, he could not believe what he had just heard. Only the sight of the Emerys, who stood by the rusty chain with the air and appearance of passengers on a smart cruise, immaculate, exotic, made it seem credible at all.

"Where did you get to?" they said. "We're right on his tail."

"I know. I went to ring up the police," he said. "Listen. . . ."

THE Emerys listened. Their expressions exceeded his worst fears; they took on the incredulous, almost reverent joy of people who have been told they have won a lottery or a football pool. "Gee," they said in hushed tones. "Honest? But how could he get away up here?"

"I don't know," said Martin. "Perhaps he just panicked. Perhaps he's got someone who could hide him, but he'd have to get rid of the car."

"How did he get rid of *her*?" said Miss Emery.

"Strangulation."

"Then I guess he won't have a gun," said Lester with what sounded like disappointment.

Martin said firmly: "The sergeant thinks he may. He said not to take risks; he's coming down with a car."

The Emerys took, as expected, a poor view of this. "Oh, hell," they said. "We found him, didn't we?"

The ferry jarred and stopped, grating on blocks of stone. Still smarting under the injustice of fate that had let him in for this affair, Martin pressed the self-starter, hoping, for the first time on his holiday, that it wouldn't work. Immediately, the engine roared into life.

Measuring with his eye the track soaring upward from the jetty, he drove off. The car took

Continued on page 33

Lisa, up above, saw it all. As the man reached into his pocket, Lester hit him with a perfect hook to the jaw

From the dockside, Captain Slater talks to the pilots. They take ships of all nations through Kings Dock lock, where a mishap can block the port

Slater (centre) and his assistant are shown a ship's moorings by the master. No vessel may move without Slater's permission

Captain Slater commands the gateway to the sea

by DON EVERITT

The life of a busy British port flows through the narrow channel of water he controls. He's a dry-land sailor—but even ocean-going skippers must obey him

CAPTAIN EDWARD SLATER, the Swansea dockmaster, took one look at the leaking dock gates and ordered all his men into emergency action. Shortly before the gates had been shut for low tide, a loaded cargo ship had entered the basin, apparently without incident; now, as the tide ebbed, water escaping from the basin was turning the sea just outside the gates into a foaming cataract. The odd thing was that above water level the two gates were closed perfectly.

From every corner of the docks, from rail wagons and warehouses, Slater's men brought all the tarpaulins they could find. From a point roughly above the leak, the dockmaster and his assistants lowered the tarpaulins into the water in quick succession. Slater knew that if the escaping water were not stemmed the dock would drain and the ships in it would go aground.

"Forty tarpaulins and two sacks of ashes were sucked into the hole before we checked the leak," Slater says. "When the tide began to flow again, I put a diver down to move the tarpaulins and to find the cause of the leak. He brought up a fifteen-foot piece of bilge keel which had been torn off the bottom of that last cargo ship and had wedged underneath one gate. With the obstruction removed, the pressure of water in the dock basin forced the bottom of the gate back into its proper place."

Much of Britain's trade depends upon the gates and locks of the major ports and the men who operate them. Since there are few natural harbours where ships can load and discharge whatever the state of the tide, most mercantile business is done in docks where gates and pumping stations hold the water at a high level.

Captain Slater's domain is the busiest port in the south-west. Last year, according to Docks and Inland Waterways Executive statistics, 4,835 ships carried ten and a half million tons of cargo to and from Swansea. Most of this trade was done in three docks—Kings, Queens and Prince of Wales—all of which lie behind the Kings Dock lock.

This one narrow neck of water, negotiating a difference of up to fifteen feet between the dock and sea levels, is the pivot around which Captain Slater controls the work of the port.

"A blockage or leakage in the Kings Dock lock is the worst problem I can have," says Slater. "Once, only a miracle prevented 111,000,000 tons of water from crashing through the gates.

"It was evening, and one of my four piermasters was in charge. He was locking a tanker which was going to sea. The dock pilot got the bows of the tanker nicely into the lock entrance, but when the piermaster told him to cut speed to a crawl the ship started to go ahead even faster.

"The piermaster had to run to keep up with her. He shouted to the bridge to go astern. The gates and the big drop to the sea were only three hundred feet away. The pilot called back from the bridge that he'd given the order 'full astern.' Through a mistake in the engine-room, the orders from the bridge were being reversed.

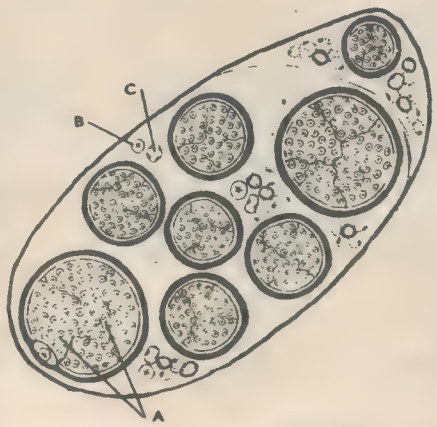
"Two of my men tried hard to get the for'ard hawser from the ship on to a bollard, but it pulled away, flashing sparks. The tanker chewed into the superstructure of one of the gates, and bent it right back. For a moment the bows jutted out over the sea and tons of water poured through the gap. Then, at last, the ship did go astern, and the gate sagged back. It had been badly strained, and a few days later we replaced it."

The routine of docking a ship begins for Captain Slater when he receives from the shipping agent the vessel's estimated time of arrival and draught. Since the lock can be used only for four hours each side of high tide, he has to fit the ship into a timetable. Ships of shallow

FACTS ABOUT YOUR NERVES

How 'NERVES' make us physically 'RUN DOWN'

ALTHOUGH when we become 'run down' it is usually physical exhaustion we mainly notice, the source of the trouble is very often in our 'nerves'. It is believed that our 'nerves', at some stage or other, influence the body and bring about certain physical changes which produce the intense fatigue, and other physical symptoms, that attack us when we are 'run down'.



Section of nerve trunk showing how nerve fibres run in bundles contained in sheaths. (A) Nerve Fibres. (B) Artery. (C) Vein.

Watch for these symptoms

You can usually recognise when your system is becoming 'run down' by your lack of energy, increasing tiredness, loss of interest in your job, poor concentration, insomnia and irritability, and by a growing feeling of deep mental and physical exhaustion. Whenever you notice these signs the proper thing to do is to put yourself on a course of Sanatogen.

The Sanatogen treatment

If your 'nerves' can be made healthy, then your 'run down' condition should correct itself. Nerve and body cells, we know, depend for their growth and health—and that means *your* health—upon an adequate supply of protein and phosphorus. Without these substances your nervous system cannot function properly and nerve cells would 'starve'. To restore and promote the activity of such 'starved' cells you need the extra protein and phosphorus that Sanatogen gives you. By giving this extra 'boost' to your body and nerve cells Sanatogen helps to correct your 'nerves' and to restore strength.

How you take Sanatogen

Sanatogen is a very fine powder. You take it, mixed with a little water or milk, three times a day, with or between meals. Remember, it may have taken months for your body to get into a 'run down' state. Obviously, this cannot be remedied just overnight and it is important that you take Sanatogen regularly for at least eight weeks. Each day Sanatogen will put back into your body a little more strength, a little more vitality, rebuilding your system and restoring your energies. So when you start Sanatogen, make sure you get the full benefit from it by taking the complete eight-week course.

Doctors' opinions

More than 25,000 doctors have endorsed the use of Sanatogen—a remarkable official recognition of its restorative power. Sanatogen is unique in form and composition and is the standard, accepted tonic for all cases of 'nerves', irritability, over-tiredness and mental and physical strain; in fact, 'run down' conditions generally.

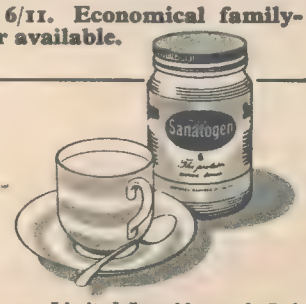
Have you any sign of 'NERVES'?

Start a course of Sanatogen today *before* the trouble can go any further. You will be astonished at the ability of Sanatogen to improve your health and well-being.

From 6/11. Economical family-size jar available.

Sanatogen

THE PROTEIN NERVE TONIC



The word 'Sanatogen' is a registered trade mark of Genatosan Limited, Loughborough, Leics.

draught are put through the lock at the beginning and end of the locking period, and ships of deep draught around high tide.

In drawing up his timetable, Slater allows for at least three feet between a ship's bottom and the outer sill of the lock—though once, when a U-boat was prowling in the bay, a tanker was locked with fewer than twelve inches to spare.

Slater's bogy in working the port is the ship which changes its draught at sea. An American ship once radioed that it was drawing twenty-eight feet of water. When the ship reached the bay, it was found that the captain had given the mean draught. His ship was three feet farther down by the stern. Slater, who had to rearrange his timetable, told the American captain: "In South Wales we have to get all the ship into the lock, not just the bows."

At his port, Captain Slater is a complete dictator. Ships go to whatever berths he prescribes, move only with his permission, and answer to him if they break regulations. Some captains illegally unload waste oil and rubbish in dock at night. Slater does his best to catch them and make them pick up their refuse.

He controls all signals, buoys and lights to a point one and a quarter miles out to sea, and shares with the dredging superintendent of the South Wales Docks the responsibility for keeping the port dredged. Apart from the assistant dockmaster and the four piermasters, Slater's staff includes dock gate foremen, bridgemen, berthing men and gatemen.

First Big Casualty

"My most onerous job is having to decide whether or not to allow damaged ships to dock for repairs. A dead ship breaking her back in the lock could immobilize the port for a long time. Fortunately, the problem doesn't arise much in peacetime."

During the war, a refrigeration ship named Loch Goyle was the first big casualty Captain Slater had to handle. A magnetic mine had blown a great hole in her and set her on fire. Slater went out to inspect the ship in Swansea Bay. He examined the hull for cracks and strains, made sure that the fire was extinguished, and found out how much water she had shipped.

The inspection left the captain dubious. The ship's engines were useless, and she was so unstable that the tugs would have a hard time handling her. Finally, he agreed to let her into the dock.

On the way in, the Loch Goyle grew even more unstable. The tugs managed to manoeuvre her into the lock, but, as the gates closed, Captain Slater was horrified to see the bows and stern of the ship rising and dipping in the smooth water by as much as two feet.

Ship Nearly Broke Up

"The next half-hour was agony. I couldn't get that ship out of the lock quick enough. We got her into dry dock just in time. She was so racked and strained that any minute she would have broken up."

Towards the end of the war, Slater admitted to Swansea Docks an American Liberty ship from Cherbourg. After the ship had gone through the lock, the inner gates would not close. A diver reported that a heavy chain, twenty fathoms long, with a large steel cylindrical object at one end, lay across the path of the gates.

Slater and his colleagues, suspecting sabotage, decided not to touch the cylinder and chain till they knew more.

The American naval officer in charge at Swansea then reported that the Liberty ship had fouled a buoy as she left Cherbourg. During the voyage, the engineers had felt "excessive vibration" and heard "some peculiar noises coming from the propeller." Slater examined the ship, found the tips of the bronze propeller damaged, and at once had the cylinder and chain hauled out of the lock.

Bronze marks on the links confirmed Slater's belief that the chain was part

"I'm coming down, dear . . ."

of the Cherbourg buoy and had been caught on or near the propeller shaft. "The war bred some rum sailors," he says.

Sixty-three year old Captain Edward Herbert Slater is in a position to judge and criticize. He is perhaps the most experienced dockmaster in Britain. He began his working life at sea, serving his apprenticeship under sail. His first voyage, which began in 1904 when he was fourteen, took him three times round the world and lasted four years and seven months.

Transferring to steam, Slater served in notorious "starvation" ships of that day. He was at sea throughout the first World War, and at the age of twenty-seven was given his first command. Two years later, he left the sea. "I was never seasick, but I was often sick of the sea. Like most sailors, I married young—and who wants to go to sea then?"

Must Forget The Sea

At his home town, Newport, Monmouthshire, Slater became a dock piermaster. He had the qualifications of a master's foreign-trade certificate, service at sea as a master, and youthfulness. "We prefer young men," Slater says, "because a piermaster has to forget the sea quickly. He's no longer a sailor on the bridge, but a sailor on land. At the same time, of course, he has to know everything about handling ships and be able to appreciate a master's sensitivities."

In his early days at Newport, Slater had two unnerving experiences. Once, a 10,000-ton ship which he was about to put through the lock came up the entrance channel too fast and nearly cut through the wooden East Pier, a few yards from where he stood.

"As the ship stopped, wedged in the pier, a little fellow about my weight hopped down beside me. He had a raincoat on and a case in his hand, and he said: 'This does me nice, mister. Which way to the station?'"

After ten years at Newport, Slater was promoted to dockmaster at Port Cardiff and Barry. Two years later, he was promoted to dockmaster at Port Talbot. In 1938 he was given his present job. "In another eighteen months or so," he says, "I shall be letting go both anchors."

Captain Slater will retire from the docks having handled practically every type of ship from all corners of the earth. "Sometimes," he says wryly, "it has been a trifle difficult handling foreign ships."

Once he locked a ship which he thought had a Spanish name. Because the ship came in clumsily, Slater repeatedly yelled instructions to the bridge in pidgin Spanish. At last, he had the vessel moored in the lock and the gates closed. A little man put a rope ladder over the ship's side and came down to speak to Slater. "What's the matter, man, can't you speak English?" he said in an unmistakable sing-song voice.

"The ship," Slater says, "was not Spanish—she was Welsh." THE END

REACH FOR THE SKY

Continued from page 21

little case. Avonmore Mansions, he found, was six storeys high and Thelma's family lived on the sixth floor. There was no lift. Carrying his case, he dot-and-carried up the stairs, twelve flights, ninety-six steps. He counted them and arrived at the top breathless and heart pumping. He was annoyed at being breathless. Might make him seem nervous. He wasn't nervous. Hell, no. Ridiculous thought.

He rang and the door opened and a uniformed maid showed him in to a pleasantly furnished sitting-room, where the girl, looking very fetching in a green dress, rose from the sofa. He'd never seen her without the waitress overall on before.

She Was Charming

She introduced him to her mother, who looked young and agreeable, and a tall, lean man, her stepfather, Lieutenant-Colonel Addison. The girl leaned over the tea things and asked, with a tiny smile, as if she was still serving at the Pantiles: "Cream or plain?" After that he felt very much at home.

Later, feeling debonair in tails for the first time since the crash, he took her to the Café de Paris in a taxi. The dinner was good, the girl was utterly charming, and sitting at the little table for two with his legs tucked safely away beneath, the music lilting away in a straight, prewar rhythm, stimulated a mood of glowing zest. On the spur of the moment he said: "Would you like to dance?"

Just for a moment she looked uncertain; then she smiled and nodded.

He got up and lurched round to help her up. He hadn't meant to dance at all: the idea had just slipped out, but there was no drawing back and, suddenly reckless, he thought: Dammit, if I can walk all right, I can certainly walk clutching a girl.

"I didn't know you danced, too," she said appreciatively, as they reached the floor.

"Oh, it's quite easy," he said airily. "If I trip I hang on to the girl."

He took her in his arms, waited a moment for the beat of the music, and then hopefully lurched off.

It *was* quite easy—if not especially graceful. He held her a little away to give him space for kicking the right leg forward, and for a while he was really only walking in approximate time to the music, steering round the bends still in a walk, but it was so uncomplicated that it was almost an anti-climax.

Stood On Her Foot

Emboldened he tried a mildly fancy turn and it came off. He tried another one and stumbled, but instantly she was unobtrusively steadying him and they danced on. "You seem very good at supporting men," he grinned.

Now and then his right knee tapped her left knee as he jerked the leg forward, but she soon learned to move her own leg a little more smartly than usual. After a couple of dances they were moving round the floor quite impressively until suddenly he collided with her and she came to a dead stop, her face tight with pain.

"What's the matter?" he asked anxiously. "Are you all right?"

"Yes," she said, torn by apology, "but you are standing on my left foot."

He jumped off in horror, torn by apology himself, and they danced on. Soon the music changed to a waltz. He had a stab at it but very nearly tripped, taking her with him, on the first half-step. "Sorry," he said. "Afraid I can't cope with this one. Let's go and sit down."

They went off the floor arm-in-arm and, as he dot-and-carried up the two shallow steps to their table, his other hand missed the banister and he overbalanced backwards, landing heavily on the floor and nearly bringing her down with him. People turned round and stared down their noses as if he were drunk.

She helped him up and they got to the table, where he grinned to cover up his inward mortification—he had never fallen in front of her before. She leaned across and put her hand on his arm. "You know, I think you're really amazing," she said.

It was the first time she had ever even obliquely referred to the loss of his legs and she did it so warmly and naturally that it really endeared her to him.

They danced several more times after that, and he blissfully ignored the fact that his legs were aching and that patches on his stumps were rubbing raw.

On the Sunday he took her for a drive in the M.G. and unobtrusively she managed to convey to him that she genuinely admired the way he drove and got around on his legs. Driving back to Wittering that night he was sure he had found the girl he wanted.

Next weekend he drove to London again and took her to the Ace of Spades roadhouse near the Kingston By-pass. They danced again and on the way back he stopped the car and kissed her. (She had been wondering when he was going to do that.) To his delight, after an appropriate time, she kissed him back.

He Was In Love

The following weekend they met again. When he kissed her good night at Avonmore Mansions on the Sunday evening he knew he was in love with her, and that she was at least extremely fond of him. He floated back towards Wittering in the usual bliss of a smitten young man, unconscious of a scene that concerned him deeply in the Addison's flat.

Thelma's mother said guardedly to her: "You and Douglas are becoming quite a twosome. Is it serious?"

"Yes, it is rather," Thelma said. "You like him, don't you?"

"Yes, I do," her mother said. "He's charming. But how could you marry a man with no legs? Have you thought of that? You must be very sure."

"I'm already sure. Without his legs, I still like him much more than anyone else."

"You might have to be a sort of nurse to him," Mrs. Addison warned.

"Not," said Thelma confidently, "with Douglas."

She had no qualms at all about a future with him and though, as she was an unusually attractive girl, there were also in the offing a naval officer, an army officer and a young stockbroker, they seemed stodgy and even pompous compared to the zest and sparkle of the legless one.

Back at Wittering, Bader was doing aerobatics again in a Bulldog as well as ever he had, though still irked by the compulsory presence of the instructor in the back cockpit. The Chief Flying Instructor sent for him and said: "Look, you're wasting your time up here. There's nothing more we can teach you about flying, and there's no point in your mucking about not able to go solo."

"That's what I was sent here to find out, sir," Bader said. "Once I'm passed by you, the medical board can decide on my flying category."

"All right," he replied. "I'll write and tell 'em."

A Moment To Savour

The answer came back surprisingly quickly—a call for Bader to appear for another medical. He drove to London, savouring the moment that evening when he would see Thelma and tell her he was going back to a squadron. In the Kingsway building, the rotund warrant officer receptionist who had seen so many accident cases come up for medical check, welcomed him. "Hallo, sir. Back again. Just a moment, sir, and I'll get your file."

He was back with it shortly, saying: "You don't have to see the doctor after all, sir. Only the wing commander."

Good, Bader thought. Only a formality. He went into the wing commander's office and the man with the detached professional air behind the desk said: "Ah, Bader, nice to see you again. Sit down, will you?"

He sat, waiting equably for the good

You feel it
freshen your mouth
. . . you *see* your teeth are cleaner and whiter . . . you *know* that chlorophyll-active Green Kolynos has brought a lasting freshness to your mouth that's pleasant and healthy, too!
NEW GREEN
Kolynos
CHLOROPHYLL TOOTHPASTE 1/10d.

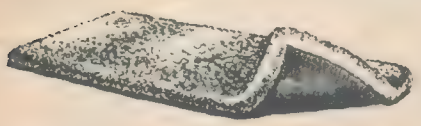
Savile Row
new styles for spring and summer
No. 198
Nos. 202/3
Nos. 207/8
MADE BY George Webb IN NORTHAMPTON
No. 198 Burgundy embossed sports shoe with roll edge crepe sole 59/9
Nos. 202/3 Black or brown Step-in with twin elastic gussets, leather sole 59/9
Nos. 207/8 Black or brown Genuine Calf Mudguard shoe, leather sole 69/9
MANY OTHER STYLES FOR MEN from 49/9 to 79/9
Send P.C. for brochure and retailer's address to Savile Row Shoemakers, Dept. J.B.2, Northampton.

Now, there is a

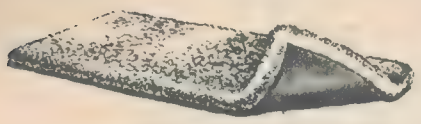
NEW

cindrella

lower in price

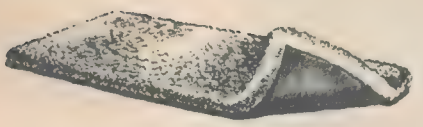


more attractive



hard wearing

16 colours
3 shapes
7 sizes



Cindrella curly pile rugs are now down to popular prices. Still with non-slip backs and still hard wearing . . . and in glorious new colours. To brighten up your lounge, dining room or bedroom, and to add greater comfort to them, get a Cindrella curly pile rug (or rugs) from your furnishers or stores. Be sure to ask for Cindrella—insist on Cindrella—it will pay you.

cindrella

inexpensive

curly pile rugs

FOR FIRESIDE AND BEDSIDE

If any difficulty in obtaining write:
J. L. Tankard & Co. Ltd., Swaine Green, Bradford, Yorks.

news. The wing commander cleared his throat and glanced at some papers on his desk. Clearing his throat again, he said: "I've just been reading what the Central Flying School says about you. They say you can fly pretty well."

Bader waited politely.

"Unfortunately," the wing commander went on, "we can't pass you fit for flying because there's nothing in King's Regulations which covers your case."

For a moment it didn't sink in, and then a cold feeling slowly spread through him. He sat in stunned silence and then found his voice: "But of course there's nothing in King's Regulations, sir. That's why I was sent to C.F.S. To see if I *could* fly. They were the only ones who could give a ruling. I mean . . . doesn't that fit the case?"

The wing commander cleared his throat again. "I'm sorry, but I'm afraid not. We've thought about it a lot and I'm afraid there's nothing we can do about it."

Forgetting discipline, Bader flared angrily: "Well, why the hell did you send me there to be tested?"

Embarrassed, the wing commander said apologetically: "Well, you were very keen to have a shot and I'm just terribly sorry it turned out like this."

Expected Him To Fail

It was then that it occurred to Bader that the whole question had probably been decided before he went to Wittering. They had expected him to fail at the flying test—let him see he can't fly and then he won't mind. Now they were embarrassed by it.

A little longer he argued the point, but it was obvious that the decision was official, probably made at high level, and he had been in the R.A.F. long enough to know that trying to reverse official decisions was like kicking at a wall of blubber.

Too sick with disappointment and anger to argue any longer, he pushed himself to his feet, said stiffly, "Thank you very much, sir," and stumped out. Dimly he realized that it was probably not the doctor's fault and they had probably meant well in sending him to Wittering.

Tight-lipped, he drove to Avonmore Mansions. Thelma was sewing in the sitting-room. Surprised and pleased, she asked what had brought him from Wittering, and he told her, barely controlling his anger. She listened quietly and asked: "What's the situation now?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," he said moodily. "I suppose they'll offer me a ground job."

"Well, you'll still have a career in the R.A.F.," she said consolingly, and he burst out violently: "I'm damned if I'd take the job. I'd rather leave."

She talked to him for a couple of hours before he promised to wait a while and see what happened. A week later—it was November now—he was posted to Duxford, a fighter station in Cambridgeshire. A precise, immaculate wing commander in charge of the station, said: "Glad to have you here, Bader. You're taking over the motor transport section."

Flying On The Sly

The job was simple enough. Not much more than sitting in a little office all day drinking tea, signing chits and giving orders about lorries. He knew several of the pilots in the Duxford squadron and he thought it would not be difficult to talk them into giving him some flying.

He became friendly with Joe Cox, one of the instructors, and one December day when the wing commander was away Cox took him up in an Armstrong Whitworth Atlas, a biplane. Cox let his passenger do most of the flying and was impressed. Several times after that when the coast was clear they went up together, and after Cox's reports the other pilots were indignant that bureaucracy limited Bader to flying on the sly.

They were discussing it in the mess one night when Cox said: "Look, come out and watch Douglas do a tarmac landing tomorrow." (Tarmac landings consisted of coming in so slowly and with such fine judgment that the aircraft touched down on the short tarmac apron and stopped before running on to the grass. They were not officially approved of and were therefore popular.)

Next morning at eleven o'clock the pilots watching by the hangar saw the Atlas waffle down with Cox's arms ostentatiously held high out of the back cockpit to demonstrate that Bader was doing the flying. At the critical moment, as the Atlas touched neatly on the tarmac, the wing commander walked round the side of the hangar, saw the performance and guessed grimly from the instructor's upheld arms that he was allowing a pupil to do a tarmac landing.

As Cox climbed down, his grin faded at the sight of the wing commander standing next to him like an outraged schoolmaster. The wing commander opened his mouth to speak, and then Bader pushed up his goggles in the front cockpit and was recognized. The senior man said coldly:

"Was that you flying this aircraft, Bader?"

"Yes, sir."

"But you're not allowed to fly."

"No, sir."

The wing commander turned round to Cox. "Don't you know Bader isn't allowed to fly, Cox?"

Bader cut in. "No, sir," he lied. "Flying Officer Cox had no idea. I should have told him, I know."

The wing commander said grimly: "Well, Cox, if you didn't know before, you know now." He turned to Bader, "I shall decide later what action to take about you."

Apparently the wing commander was sporting enough to forget it because Bader heard no more and the weeks passed tediously.

An Unpleasant Duty

Towards the end of April, he was sent for by Squadron Leader Sanderson, C.O. of 19 Squadron and acting station commander in the senior man's absence. Sanderson had been adjutant at Kenley before Bader lost his legs, and when the young man walked into his office and saluted, the good-natured Sanderson said: "Douglas, this is the worst thing I've ever had to do in the Air Force. I've just received a letter from Air Ministry . . . here, you'd better read it yourself."

He passed the letter across.

Bader took it and read: "Subject: Flying Officer D. R. S. Bader. (1) The Air Council regrets that in consequence of the results of this officer's final

Consider your verdict

by

RUSSELL SCOTT, LL.B.

WHEN Mr. Penny asked John Column, the architect, to design him a house, he insisted on "something well-designed, comfortable, but unusual."

He certainly got it. When it was finished, the house was flat-roofed, painted pink in the Mediterranean style, with Moorish arches and a courtyard. Proudly, Penny moved in.

The house became well known in the neighbourhood, and from time to time people called to admire it and chat with the owner. Mr. Line was one of the visitors, and Penny amiably showed him round, pointing out all the details.

Six months later, Column was driving nearby when he was amazed to see a house almost identical with the one he had designed for Penny. True, the new house had brick instead of stone—but the flat roof, Moorish arches, and courtyard were all there.

Column discovered that Line had drawn up the plans, built the house, and now lived in it. As a result, he took Line to court. "This man," said Column, "breached my copyright in Penny's house. He inspected it and copied the whole thing. It was my original plan, and I claim damages."

"Nonsense," retorted Line. "I've never seen Column's plans. I visited Penny's house, liked it, and drew up my own plans as I happen to be a draughtsman. Column may have a copyright in the original plans themselves, but there can't be a copyright in the building that was built from them—and that's what I copied."

What is your verdict? For the judge's decision, turn to page 30

Snap, Crackle and Pop

suggest something *different* to eat

If you've a packet of Rice Krispies in the house, you need never go short of a quick, delicious dish for any meal of the day.

Sliced bananas, bubble-light Rice Krispies and top-of-the-milk make the most tempting breakfast dish you can imagine.

Whenever the kiddies rush in clamouring for something to eat, give them this crisp "talking" cereal with milk and sugar—and scatter with raisins.

Last thing at night, after an evening with the T.V., give the family Rice Krispies with hot treacle sauce, and warm milk. They'll all come back for more.

More people like Kellogg's most

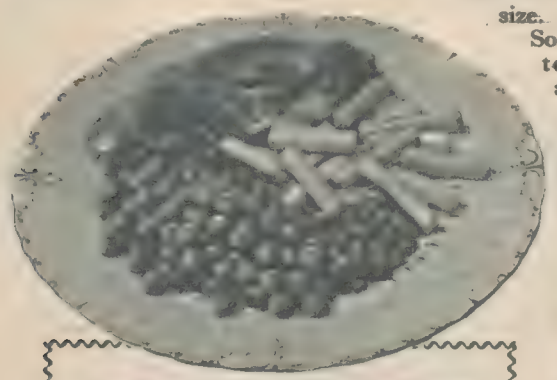
ALL KELLOGG'S CEREALS ARE GOOD TO EAT AT ANY TIME!

What does Benedict mean to you?

You're right if you know that "Benedict" means a newly married man. You're right if you know that "Benedict" comes from one of Shakespeare's plays. You're more than right if you know that "Benedict" is the brand name for the most delicious processed peas. And you're downright brilliant if you make a habit of serving tasty, nourishing Benedict Peas — they're so delicious.

MORE and more housewives — whether five months married or fifty years married — are serving tasty, tempting Benedict Peas. And no wonder! For Benedict Peas are specially selected Peas of the very finest quality, canned by a special Benedict "flavour-saver" process. That's the secret of their different, *extra* delicious taste that all the family love.

You can afford to treat *your* family to Benedict flavour and goodness — every day, the whole year round. For Benedict Peas are wonderfully economical, too, cost less and go further. There are sizes for all occasions, ranging from the 5 oz. economy size to the large 1 lb. 12 oz. family size. So tasty. So nourishing. So economical. And so easy to serve. Remember to ask for Benedict Peas by name. Because if they're Benedict, they're *extra* nourishing — *extra* delicious!



Now there's more meat about, you'll want to give your family as many chops, steaks and roasts as you can. Whatever meat you choose, whichever way you cook it, be sure to serve Benedict Peas. Nothing tastes so good with meat as tender, juicy, flavour-full Benedict Peas—they're extra delicious.

ASK FOR

Benedict *Processed* **Peas**

they're EXTRA delicious!

CANNED BY UNITED CANNERS LTD.,
1 PRINCES STREET, LONDON, W.1. PRODUCERS OF THE FAMOUS "COUNTRY MARKET" PRODUCTS

medical board he can no longer be employed in the General Duties Branch of the Royal Air Force. (2) It is suggested therefore that this officer revert to the retired list on the grounds of ill health. (3) A further communication will be sent in respect of the date of his retirement and details concerning his retired pay and disability pension."

Sanderson said: "I'm terribly sorry, Douglas."

"That's all right, sir," he said, and after a while he saluted and stumped out. In a way he had been expecting it but it was still a shock and left him with an odd numbed feeling. Shortly it began to seep through that he would soon be unemployed, possessing no skill that he could profitably use, and mobile only so long as he could afford to buy petrol for the M.G.

He drove down to see Thelma and told her. "But you could still stay in on the ground, couldn't you?" she asked.

He said bluntly: "I suppose I could, but I won't. It's no good being in the Air Force unless you're of it, and as far as I'm concerned you're not of it unless you're flying."

"Do you have any idea as to what you'd like to do?"

"Frankly," he said, "no."

He took her out to dinner at the Indian Restaurant in Swallow Street, just off Piccadilly, and they sat close together over curry. After a silence he said obliquely: "I'm not much of a proposition for anyone, you know. No legs. No job. No money."

"Don't worry," she said. "We'll make out."

He Was Not Alone

There was not much more said than that. No blunt question. No blunt answer. Just a delicate understanding that sent him back to Duxford quietly happy, knowing he was not alone.

Shortly another letter came from the Air Ministry, impersonal but not unkind, granting him £100 a year total disability pension and £99 10s. a year retired pay. That was not too bad in those days—at least for someone content to exist quietly. Bader wasn't.

For a fortnight he was clearing up the ends of his Air Force life, handing over his job to another officer and packing his civilian clothes: the latter part was easy—he had only one blue suit, a sports jacket and grey flannels.

One day he visited the Officers' Employment Bureau at the Air Ministry. The Bureau's task was to find jobs for Short Service Officers when they had finished their five years' commission. A brisk, cheerful man asked him what he would like to do and he answered: "I really have no idea."

"Would you like to go abroad?"

"Not very much. I wouldn't be any good in the tropics with these legs anyway. It's no good when they start to sweat."

The man said at last: "Well, leave it to me and I'll have a look round and let you know if anything turns up."

Goodbye To The R.A.F.

The last few days were trying. Suddenly tired of the whole business, he wanted only to get the final agony over and be away to face what he had to face. On the final night he took his uniform off for the last time and handed it to Joe Cox with no visible sign of emotion. In the morning he dressed in his sports coat and flannels, looked over the "Rooms to Let" column in the *Daily Telegraph* and marked a few likely ones with a pencil, then dumped his two suitcases in the M.G. and about ten o'clock drove to station headquarters for the final moment of separation.

It was quite undramatic. He said to the adjutant: "Here are my clearances, sir. Would you put your mark at the bottom, please?"

The adjutant signed and said: "Well, there you are, old boy. All clear."

In that moment he had left the Air Force. His mind deliberately dulled, cushioned by expectation, he said: "Thank you very much, sir," and walked out.

He drove straight past the guardroom out of the gates and turned left on the road to London; even in that moment feeling no pang, only a numbness. It was some minutes before he began to think again, and it occurred to him first that now he had no home. In the Air Force he could have gone to any officers' mess in the country and been welcomed and given a room. Now they were all closed to him, and all he had was a copy of the *Daily Telegraph* with some pencil marks.

He began to realize what a warm shelter the Air Force had been, and drove thinking: I can't go back there. I can't go back there. Shortly he tried to make himself accept that there was nothing behind him that would ever come back, but his mind kept reminding him that neither was there anything in front.

All He Possessed

One of the places he had ticked in the *Daily Telegraph* was 86 Boundary Road, St. John's Wood, London. It was roughly on the way to Avonmore Mansions.

Turning into Boundary Road, he liked its plane trees in fresh spring leaf. He pulled up outside the house, a typical, three-storey solid affair, and rang the bell. An attractive blonde woman opened the door. Yes, Miss Markham said, she had a room for a guinea a week with breakfast, and he followed her up the stairs.

She saw his dot-and-carry movement: "Oh, you've hurt your leg?"

"Well, no," he said. "I haven't got any legs actually."

After an embarrassed pause she said: "Oh, I'm so sorry."

"That's all right. I don't mind a bit."

He liked the look of the room immediately; it was nicely kept and furnished, with a divan bed and good wash-basin, and the window looked out over the plane trees: rather pleasanter than the usual officer's room on an R.A.F. station.

Bader took the room on the spot and brought his two suitcases up: their contents, the month's pay in his pocket and the car outside were all he had in the world. After paying Miss Markham for a week in advance he drove off to see Thelma and took her out to the Ace of Spades.

"Well," she said, over inexpensive bacon and eggs, "how do you feel about things now?"

"Not too bad," he said. "I'll find my feet."

The Scramble For Jobs

The following week brought him for the first time in his life a proper taste, a real mouthful, of the unsheltered world where there were few rules and fewer privileges and you scrambled with all the others for your share. This was the neo-post-depression period when the jobs-required columns were full of appeals for permission to sell vacuum cleaners, and he was too fresh with past dignity to be bothered with that sort of thing. And yet, for the likes of him, there was no opening in the minute jobs-vacant column.

On the Monday he paid his second visit to the Officers' Employment Bureau, and the cheerful man said: "Got a few feelers out, old boy, but nothing in sight yet. I'll let you know if I hear anything."

On the Tuesday he drove all over London, but not looking for a job; just driving. On the Wednesday he did the same, not accepting yet the drop in status and the need to scramble. Mixed with this was an attitude, inchoate but

Consider your verdict

IN the case on page 28, the judge ruled that when Column, the architect, designed the house for Penny, he had not transferred the copyright to him. In addition, said the judge, copyright can exist in a building itself, apart from the plans. By building another house substantially like the first, Line had breached the copyright. He had to pay reasonable damages to Column. (*This is the probable verdict, based on actual cases.*)

stubborn, that he was not going to drop his standards. It was essentially an English attitude, somewhat head-in-the-sand, slightly snobbish, and rather deceptive. So far the challenge had not yet stirred.

On the Thursday he drove Thelma down to the Pantiles for cream tea. The place had charm for them both. On the Friday he called for her again and she brought out a Thermos of tea and a packet of sandwiches. "We might as well get used to things," she said. "If you won't watch the pennies, I will."

In the mornings now, without especially admitting it to himself, he took to looking at the jobs-vacant column in the *Daily Telegraph*, but nothing attracted him there. Then a letter came from the Officers' Employment Bureau suggesting he go along to see the staff manager of the Asiatic Petroleum Company.

There a scholarly, elderly man like a university don suggested a job that would mean going to the tropics for promotion. Depressed, Bader explained that his legs would bar him from work in the tropics. The scholarly man thought for a while. "We've got a little aviation section growing up here," he said. "They might have a vacancy. Would that interest you?"

"Start Work On Monday"

At the word "aviation" Bader was extremely interested. The man took him along to the office of the aviation department, where the manager said magically, yes, he could do with a smart young man. It would be a job in the office helping to sell aviation fuel to airlines and governments. Bader began almost literally praying they would take him on. He really wanted the job.

Then they took him to the home staff manager, who sized him up in a chat for a while, and then said abruptly: "Well, we'll pay you £200 a year and start on Monday. How's that?"

Bader said cagily: I'd like to think about it, sir."

All the way down the corridor the aviation manager kept saying: "Of course, you'd be foolish, you know, Bader, if you don't take the job. It's a wonderful chance."

Though he was jumping with delight inside, Bader would say neither yes nor no. He was damned if he was going to look like making a dirty dive for a job in commerce.

He drove immediately to tell Thelma he was now employed, and they went on to the Ace of Spades, where, over a more expensive curry, he said with unromantic and irritating masculine directness: "I suppose we can start thinking about getting married now."

She looked at him in the odd, half-smiling tolerant way that was coming naturally to her. "How much do you think we'll need?" she asked.

"Oh, I don't know," he said. "I suppose at least £500 a year."

That seemed reasonable enough. They were only twenty-three, and with his job and pension he now had £399 10s. a year. "I'll make damn sure the pay from the job goes up smartly," he said, rather cockily, and they settled down to an engrossing discussion about cost of flats and food and engagement rings.

Too Poor To Buy Ring

Thelma suggested with exquisite tact that he should forget about an engagement ring for a while and have a secret engagement to preserve domestic content at her home. Bader knew that though her parents liked him they would justifiably worry about the idea of her marrying him. Thelma knew Douglas didn't have a bean to buy an engagement ring with.

In the morning he rang the aviation manager and said he would report for work on Monday. He was very happy that morning; being engaged to Thelma and having a job had lifted him suddenly out of the vacuum, and already he was feeling eager for Monday.

When the day came he put on his blue suit and drove to his new office just off Bishopsgate in the City of London. The manager showed him to a desk with a green top and swivel chair backed against another desk. All told there were eight desks and eight pink and shaven young men. One showed him on a map where all the petroleum installations were, and he listened politely and largely uncomprehendingly while others explained what the organization did. Then they gave him a mass of documents to read about aviation spirit, prices, marketing and so on, and at the end he was little wiser.

"Take it quietly," the manager said. "You'll pick it up in due course."

He lunched in the staff canteen, and drove to see Thelma at five thirty. "Well, darling," she asked, "how was it? Tell me all about it."

"Actually," he said, "I don't rightly know, but they seem a good bunch of chaps."

After a couple of weeks he gradually got the hang of things, and was concerned mainly with prices and delivery of aviation spirit and oils to Australia. It was remote and dull, a tenuous, vicarious and somewhat hollow association with flying. But as the months rolled slowly by he sank gently into the rut of the job.

One September weekend he drove

You'll never know what a difference a day can make — until May 10th and your first taste of Stork. Yes, your *first* taste! Because even if you enjoyed Stork Margarine back in the old days, you'll still find it unbelievably creamy — creamier than the Stork Margarine you've dreamed of through the dreary years of substitutes. Only a few more weeks to wait now!

only 4 weeks to wait for

STORK

MARGARINE

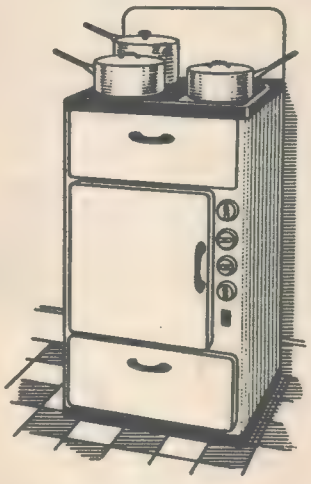
One taste and you'll wonder how it gets that creamy flavour — the flavour of fresh country produce.

It's the cream of natural fats . . . sunshine in vitamin form . . . and milk—churned into a smooth, delicious blend of golden goodness. One taste and you'll know what you've been missing!

VAN DEN BERGHS & JURGENS LIMITED, LONDON, E.C.4

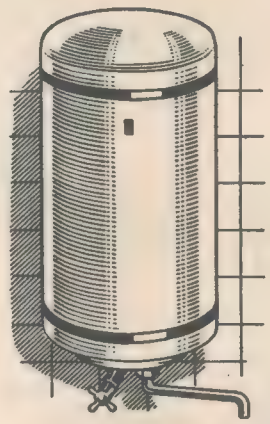
JB 27-454

THE 4 FOUNDATIONS OF MODERN LIVING



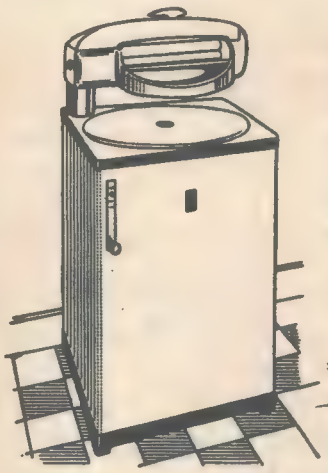
1 ELECTRIC COOKER

Automatically regulated heat; hotplates and grills you can control precisely. Easy to keep clean. No purchase tax, and only a few pence a day on H.P.



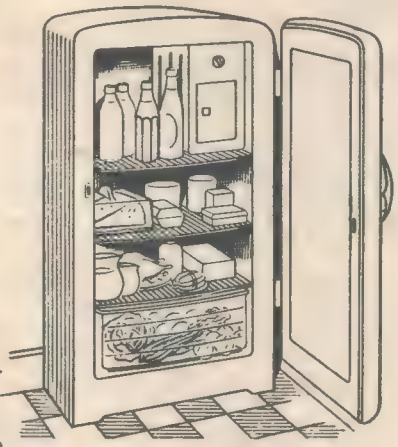
2 ELECTRIC WATER HEATER

Completely labour-saving, efficient and economical. This small heater is for sink or wash-basin. Others supply the whole house. Easy terms generally available.



3 ELECTRIC WASHING MACHINE

Talk to someone who has an electric washing machine. Hear how it SAVES money. It's not a luxury, not extravagant. It's necessary. Generally available on easy terms.



4 ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR

Food stays wholesome longer. Makes shopping easier. This is a standard model; other versions are smaller with table tops. H.P. terms generally available.

BRING in electricity for modern living. Electricity will cook your meals, give you instant hot water, warm your rooms, clean your carpets, preserve your food, wash your clothes and dry them, too. It simply switches on and does most of your work for you.

Go along to your Electricity Service Centre. They are friendly people there, and will give you all the help they can. You can look over all the new aids to modern living at your leisure.

Ask them for the interesting new free book, full of clever ideas for saving work, called "*LIFE with ELECTRICITY*" or write for a copy to E.D.A., 2 Savoy Hill, London, W.C.2.

ELECTRICITY

a Power of Good in the Home

Thelma up to Sprotborough and was delighted that his mother liked her from the start. So did his stepfather Bill Hobbs, the vicar, and later that week the young man and the girl began thinking about getting married in a few months if he got his Christmas rise in pay. They could just marry on his present income of a little over £7 10s. a week, but there were two barriers.

First, he had to run a car and use it extensively, which was expensive. Standing in tube trains crowded at peak hours was not recommended for a legless man who stubbornly refused to use a stick and just as stubbornly insisted on giving up his seat to any woman, young or old. In that latter habit lay the clue to the second barrier. He lived determined to make no concessions to the loss of his legs, but to carry on with touchy pride on the same basis as anyone else. No one must help him because he declined to admit even to himself that he ever needed help. It was the hard way and the only way not just to overcome the handicap but to rub it off the slate.

He Was From Cranwell

Associated with this principle was a resolve, growing into an obsession, that he would not drop his standards. He was a Cranwell man, still an officer on the retired list; so, by God, he'd live as an officer like all the others who had been his friends and equals. That was not so much snobbishness as a rigid, foolhardy and admirable refusal to accept any fraction of defeat. On his present income he felt he could not support Thelma in marriage as he should. Therefore, he would wait till he could.

There were other practical considerations. He had, for instance, just £2 in the bank. And what, for example, would happen if the car were damaged? It was only insured "third party" because the companies seemed to look dourly on Air Force officers with fast sports cars, especially when they had no legs.

On the Saturday morning when he hosed and washed his M.G. carefully to take Thelma to their friends, Audrey and Adrian Stoop, he was wondering if they dared marry if the rise did not come through. Soon he forgot that in the joy of driving along the Great West Road at his usual seventy miles an hour, Thelma as usual enduring the speed tolerantly because she trusted his driving.

Collision At Speed

Passing the spot where London Airport is now, a large Humber pulled out ahead on the other side to pass a lorry, and Douglas eased his foot on to the brake to give it time to swing in again. The brakes had not the slightest effect (brake-drums full of water from the hose washing). Suddenly alert to danger, he tried to swing in, but another lorry was parked ahead on the left and the little M.G. darted at uncontrollable speed for the narrow gap left between the lorry and Humber on one side and the lorry on the other, all unfortunately abreast at the same moment. The gap was not wide enough.

Even as fright alarmed the mind, the M.G.'s offside front wheel sliced along the Humber's running-board as they came together at about a hundred miles an hour. In a screeching flash the front wheel had gone, the door by Bader's elbow vanished, the rear wheel tore off and the M.G. lurched crazily on to its brake drums and screeched along the bitumen. By some luck it ran straight, slowing up on the drums, and then it was motionless and the noise had gone.

Thelma relaxed her grip on the seat as Douglas said, "I'm sorry, darling," and she had enough wisdom and calm left not to rebuke him at the moment.

The Humber had pulled in to the other side of the road, apparently all right, about two hundred yards away, and in it an admiral's wife was shaken with shock but otherwise unhurt. Two daughters comforted her, and the third daughter, a forthright young woman who had been driving, got out and began striding towards the M.G. Oddly enough, she was an acquaintance of Thelma's. Stormily she said to Bader: "Were you the lunatic driving this car?"

"Yes," he said, "but I should prefer you not to be rude because I shall only be rude back."

The two bristled at each other and then the daughter recognized Thelma sitting beside the road. "Hallo, Thelma," she said, "were you in this?"

"Hallo, Maisie," Thelma said. "Yes, I was." She thought it not exactly the moment to introduce Douglas as her fiancé. The moment was odd and confused. A big chauffeur-driven car pulled up and a large businessman got out and entered the conversation with a statement that the young man had driven past him a couple of miles back going like a maniac. He made it clear that he would be delighted to give evidence for the admiral's daughter.

Everyone exchanged names and addresses and the businessman and the Humber drove off. A man brought along one of the M.G.'s wheels he had found in a field a hundred yards away. They could not find the other wheel (it took a garage man two hours the following day to do that). An agreeable young man gave them a lift back to London, and on the way Bader rang a friend who had a garage and asked him to collect the M.G.

The affair was going to be expensive, and he thought wryly that he didn't have a leg to stand on. Well, one thing: it gave him the answer to the marriage question. No!

Ninety-six Steps Up

For the next three weeks he travelled to work by tube or by bus, standing, which was misery and brought it forcibly home to show how much he depended on the car. It was even awkward going to see Thelma, and by the time he reached Avonmore Mansions the ninety-six stairs seemed higher than before and endless.

The bill for the Humber came in—£10 (an insurance company paid the rest). Then the M.G. was ready and he went to collect it. They gave him the bill—£68. The friend said sympathetically that it was as low as he could make, but he could pay it off at £1 a week or what he could manage.

He drove it to Avonmore Mansions and took Thelma to the Ace of Spades for dinner (this time back to scrambled eggs and bacon.) He began to feel a little better there at their usual table in the olde worlde barn atmosphere with a tinkling piano, tiny dance floor, and coloured lights round a swimming pool through the window. They danced, and as they came off the floor the piano struck into "Stormy Weather."

"Very apt," Thelma said dryly. "How long do you think it will take to pay it all off?"

He said that if he got his rise he might be in the clear by next June. Thelma said comfortingly: "Never mind, darling. It'll give us good practice for saving for a wedding."

"Let's Get Married"

He thought gloomily in silence for a while and then burst out impulsively: "Look, why don't we get married anyway now?"

"What would we live on?" asked the practical Thelma.

"We won't starve," he said eagerly. "Look, we aren't going to change towards each other, so we might as well be married as not."

Thelma suggested that there might be a little reluctance from her parents.

"Why tell them?" Douglas asked. "Why tell anyone?"

"Well, darling, even in this day and age you can't live together and just not tell people you're married."

"We can't afford to live together," he said, "so no one'll have to know. If we get married at least we'll have some object in life."

They discussed it, oblivious to the piano, and Thelma began to like the idea. After a while she said: "All right, darling. Let's do it."

NEXT WEEK: Douglas Bader fights his way back into the Air Force. "Reach For The Sky" is published as a book by Collins at 16s.

GIRL AT THE BACK OF BEYOND

Continued from page 24

the hill like a bird; infuriatingly, she had never gone better. Lisa, beside him, and Lester, folded jack-knife fashion in the back, sat tensely forward, like children going to a party. Faint, enthralled smiles played over their lips; their eyes moved in concentration, watchful, over the road and the rocks.

At the top, a stony panorama of dips and mountains unfolded itself, again desolate and blessedly deserted. Salt was carried in the wind—they were now close to the sea. On and off there were glimpses of the coast, inlets of lapis lazuli flaked with seabirds like snow.

"Martin," said Lisa, giving to his name an accent that made him for a second unable to recognize it, and for another second a little flattered by its use. "Do you have a gun, too?"

"Good heavens, no."

"I just remembered, don't English people come up here to shoot?"

"Some people shoot," said Martin. "I fish."

"Uh-uh," she said. "I guess a fishing rod won't be a lot of help. . . . What do you think of doing if we catch him?"

"I don't know," Martin said. "I don't suppose the situation will arise. He's pretty sure to run into the police before we catch him up."

The Emerys emitted silent but unanimous dismay.

They rounded a left-hand bend and found the road running for a short distance beside the shore. They were at the head of a small bay; fringed with high rocks, lapped by the cerulean sea, a half-moon of pure cream-white sand stretched in a curve on either side, unblemished by footprints, seaweed or driftwood or even shells, perfect as a freshly washed floor. The water, calm and lace-edged, shone like rippled blue satin. It was a heavenly spot.

AUTOMATICALLY slowing a little, Martin craned to bestow aesthetic approval; alone, he would have got out and bathed. He was about to accelerate again when Lester's voice said in his ear, "Hold it."

"What?"

"Stop right here." Lester was leaning towards the nearside rear window and staring intently at the ground.

"What's up?" said Martin. He raised himself in the seat and bent over and looked, too. On the loose sand at the edge of the road, spiked with coarse sea-grass, were the tracks of a car's tyres; they led a short way down to the beach, rounded a shoulder of rock and vanished.

"Somebody bathing," Martin suggested, but not with much hope.

"Why drive out of sight to bathe?"

"Perhaps they wanted to undress in the car."

"Hell, you could strip in the middle of the road and not rate a blush round here." They spoke in lowered tones, their voices almost drowned by the clamour of seabirds. "Let's go," said Lester. He unfolded himself.

Martin got out, restraining an impulse to slam the door. Putting his head back through the window, addressing Miss Emery, who had her hand on the catch, he said: "You're staying here."

"*What?*" she said.

"You're to stop here. It's not a thing for women. Besides, someone's got to wait for the police."

Lester said through the other window: "Do what the boss tells you, sister." For a second he showed his beautiful teeth in a grin and then moved off, following the tyre tracks. Martin followed.

They moved cautiously, their footsteps in the sand making no noise; only the gannets and seagulls shrieked, with flashing wings, hovering outraged. When they reached the spur of rock they slowed down, advancing step by step, till they were close enough to peer round. Tucked away in a cleft behind it, against the cliff and admirably hidden, stood a dusty black Austin Twelve. There was nobody in it. A track of footsteps, faint on the firm sand, led round the back of the car and down the margin of the beach, till they disappeared behind more rocks.

"Hell, what's this guy up to?" said Lester under his breath.

"Perhaps he's gone to drown himself."

"You think so? Well, he certainly is taking pains over it. How's your swimming?"

"All right," said Martin. Given the choice, he preferred a watery struggle to being shot at from somewhere invisible.

Lester said: "O.K. Advance, men."

HAMPERED by a griping sensation in his stomach, and trying to remember whether you heard the report before you were hit or after, Martin padded softly over the sand. He embraced as if in a last glance, the dazzling perfection of the beach, the sun dipping to an azure horizon, the birds and cliffs and the ivory smoothness stretching to the sea. And as he looked, pursuing vaguely a quotation from the *Odyssey* that expressed his emotions, he found his eyes focusing on a white motor-launch that came gliding almost soundlessly round the corner of the bay and turning in a fantailed curve towards the shore.

Now everything became clear: the hurry, the concealment of the car, the sergeant's words about "He knows this district well."

He touched Lester's arm and jerked his head seawards. Lester narrowed his eyes; his lips said, "I get it." They reached the rocks, and a man stepped out almost at their feet.

He was not looking in their direction; he had taken a pace or two towards the sea when something, perhaps the squeak of Martin's trousers, warned him and he turned.

Martin found himself undergoing the new experience of staring directly and rather foolishly into a murderer's face. It was not a face he cared for; clean-shaven, puffy, with round dark eyes, it stared at them in a kind of glazed, hypnotic disbelief. For a few moments time was suspended while Martin and the murderer stared at each other. It was left to Lester to cope. He did so by moving a shade nearer the sea, so that he was level with the man, and saying in an entirely calm and natural voice, "Good evening."

The round eyes turned hysterically in his direction; the lips moved, but no answer came.

"Going on a cruise?" said Lester amiably.

The man took a breath, flashed a glance towards the sea and the boat, moved his jaws several times and finally said hoarsely: "Just a trip. Fishing," he added, and then clearly wished he hadn't. Lester's bland interest seemed to mesmerize him; he took a sleepwalker's step in the direction of the water.

"Brother," said Lester. "I

For electric cooking *

at its wonderful best

use one of the many Creda cookers. There are models for *every* family, *every* purse. This one for instance is the Super Comet (isn't it a beauty!) the only British horizontal electric cooker with an oven that switches itself on . . . does the cooking . . . switches itself off. Like all Creda cookers it gives you electric cooking at its wonderful best without fumes and fuss—cleaner, cooler, quicker, cheaper cooking!

* See all the Creda cookers

at your Electricity Service Centre or Electrical Contractor's AND WRITE for the exciting recipes written specially for Creda by internationally famous 'Bon Viveur' (Phyllis and John Cradock)

you need-a Creda

made by the house of Simplex

*** WATER-HEATERS, TOO**

If you have a water heating problem write for our leaflet 'Hot water by Creda'

Simplex Electric Co Ltd Blythe Bridge Staffs and 217-9 Tottenham Court Road London W1

A EMI COMPANY

'If he's as hungry as a hunter'

YOU'LL satisfy his appetite by serving delicious LIBBY'S STEWED STEAK. It's all specially selected beef, tender and lean, cooked in its own natural juices. Such a nourishing meal for all the family—served with vegetables or used in meat pies, stews and casseroles. And there's Libby's delicious Stewed Mutton too. Always keep a tin or two of Libby's Canned Meats by you, so handy on many occasions.

Libby's
CANNED MEATS

The name Libby has guaranteed quality for 85 years

LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY LTD., Forum House, 15/16 Lime Street, London. E.C.3

Meddocream
ICE CR
Meddocream's
New Easter treat!
Buy also your choc-bars, cups and family packs where you see this sign —the sign of pure and delicious ice cream.
Double Flavour Ice Cream . . . - now with a Double Top Cone
-and only 3d!
Extra Scrumptious Surprise!
MEDDOCAKE
Delicious Ice Cream between two Choc-Cakes -and all for 4d!
MEDDOCREAM LTD., BIRMINGHAM 8.

wouldn't try it. Between ourselves, you don't have the pace." His gaze moved tranquilly, less with intended insult than in simple calculation, down the man's well-filled tweed suit to his hand-made brogues, and up again. Martin stood in silence; now, of a sudden, he felt assured and ready, as if everything were under control.

"What do you want?" said the man.

"Just a chat," said Lester. "Insurance. Remember passing a blue convertible the hard way, around an hour back? That was me in it."

Very slightly, the man relaxed. "I'm sorry. I'm afraid I was going too fast; I should have stopped, of course, but I didn't want to miss my friends. Here's my card." He put his hand in his pocket.

Lulled by the sense of relaxation, Martin's innocence allowed him to accept this gesture purely at its face value; Lester, trained in a more realistic school, took no chances on it. Almost without appearing to move, he produced a right hook of such classical elegance and economy that it surprised Martin as much as the man himself, who went down on the sand with a peculiarly solid thud.

Martin looked dazedly, but with mounting respect, at Lester; the blow, now that he came to consider it, had really been a positive art form, like the ballet.

However, he only said mildly: "I think he *was* going to give you his card, you know."

"Maybe he was," said Lester. "Maybe not. I guess I'd rather be alive than certain. Sooner or later he was coming up for a clip, anyway. Do we stay with him here or get him up to the road?"

"I don't know. Look, his friends are leaving," said Martin. Out in the bay, the launch had turned; a half-circle of wake behind it, it was making for the open sea.

Martin felt suddenly full of energy. He climbed up the cliff face like a monkey, to a point from which he could see the distant road winding among the rocks; and there, bouncing and scurrying down it from far off, came Sergeant MacIntyre in a little dark blue car.

LATER in the evening, deep in his armchair at the hotel, Martin said: "We never looked, after all, to see if there was a gun in his pocket."

Lester shrugged. "I wouldn't want to know. Let our egos feed," he said, "on assuming he had."

"All right. It may even have been a pair of six-shooters. That was a peach of a clip you gave him."

"Certainly was," said Lisa reminiscently.

"How do you know, anyway?"

"I saw it."

"You did?"

"Well, from way off; I got up on the cliff," she said. "I thought I might pick him off with a rock if he clipped you first."

Martin repressed a shudder; if he had known of this further danger from the rear, he thought, he would probably have had to return on all fours.

"Anyway," she said, "the way Martin drove, and called the police—we'd never have made it but for that. Martin was wonderful, too."

"Sure," said Lester. "We were all wonderful. Let's face it."

Martin was facing Miss Emery, and he was inclined to agree. Indoors, even in a parlour full of trout and varnished pine, she looked less incongruous than as part of the landscape; in a thin wool dress the colour of the sand, with gold rings in her ears, she was in fact a delight to the eye. His eye lingered on her while it had the chance; tomorrow, he had decided, he would go off on a long day's fishing inland. His responsibility was over. The rest of his holiday stretched delectably ahead: solitude, fish, the magnificence of nature and peaceful contemplation. He contemplated peace. It was unquestionably what he wanted. . . .

With a sort of dismayed incredulity, he heard himself saying: "I'm going off fishing tomorrow. Would you like to come?"

THE END

MEXICAN COWBOY

Continued from page 18

traditional fashion. With his arms tied behind his back, the prisoner sat his saddle, arrogant as some barbaric chieftain.

"One thing I ask," he said to Tarrant. "I don't like my *bayo coyote* to see me hanged."

Sam's eyes glared. Denton and Latshaw were glad for the delay to scratch their mounts towards the stallion still facing them like a piece of sculpture. Seeing them come, the horse gave a snort, and he whirled. His hoofs became a twinkling blur on the lava-scattered ground and with one backward look he vanished down a rocky *arroyo*.

Sam's voice cut the air like a steel saw. "Manriquez, you're getting one chance to tell where those mares are at."

Ramón's eyes smiled back at the rancher. "For why you ask me?" he jeered. "For why you don't ask the one who steal them? Listen! Listen, all of you!"

FAR from down the side of the mesa they heard the majestic bugle of the stallion. Turning his head, the foreman saw to whom the stallion had called. A troop of mares, a dozen or more in all, were answering their lord and master. They were filing out of the distant growth of cedars where he had undoubtedly herded them jealously at the posse's approach. Not far from the leader moved a blue-grey hide the foreman recognized as the XIX *grulla*. And stringing out behind her were Mittens and the other missing mares.

Sam Tarrant's florid face had grown crimson. Then the blood slowly drained. It was as clear as daylight now. The stallion had gone wild. Like an Apache, he had sallied forth at night from this natural stronghold, stolen a mare or two at a time and returned under cover of darkness.

Ramón had known all the time. Although stallion and mares were unshod, he had trailed them with the uncanny tracking skill of his race. Then he had settled down here to wait for Sam Tarrant to find him.

Denton glanced at Ramón—already Latshaw was slashing the rope from the prisoner's neck and hands—and at Tarrant. Denton always admired what Sam Tarrant did then. He knew it would be easier for Sam to cut off an arm than admit before the men that he was sorry. But he forced himself.

"Manriquez," he said stiffly, "I want you to help the boys wrangle these mares and that stallion of yours back to the ranch. I've been aimin' a long time to visit with Tom Greer at his ranch. Now that I'm this far, I'm goin'." His face steeled as he dug one hand into a pocket. "I picked up a little money down in La Tule. I'd like you to take it back to the Missus. She might need some till I get back."

He held out the handful of bills, silver and gold. Ramón sat stiff and unyielding for a moment. Then, with grave Castilian composure, he accepted the money. It was like a little play. Nothing was meant as spoken. But every man, Ramón included, knew the real meaning of the lines.

The foreman saw Latshaw looking at the Old Man with new respect. Sam Tarrant said nothing more. He rode alone towards the trail, while the others turned to round up the mares.

Denton and Latshaw could never agree whether Ramón justified the Old Man's faith in him or not. When Sam got back to the ranch, Mrs. Tarrant was taking her supper from one of the cook's dutch ovens.

"Sam!" she cried, dropping it and coming out to meet him.

Sam saw several hands, but Ramón Manriquez wasn't within vision. His cold eye turned to his wife.

"Don't tell me you didn't get that money?"

"Oh, the money." She brushed it aside. "I got every dollar the book says Don Alarid owes you. But Ramón's gone!" Her voice rose hysterically. "And he's taken Mary with him. They've run off to get married!"

THE END

"I made your favourite sweet, and it was so delicious I ate it all up"

BHOWANI JUNCTION

Continued from page 11

Savage so little, and cared less, that I knew immediately that he would retaliate when Patrick mentioned the Gurkhas. His mouth relaxed; and just then the telephone began to ring. I had not spoken to Patrick since the night before, but now I saw a chance to stop this unpleasant argument, and I said quickly: "Go and answer it, Patrick."

He stood up, swaying a little and glowering at Colonel Savage. He came back in a minute and said: "Mr. Jones. For you. Someone wants to know where that fellow Wayali is."

"The cleaner?" Pater said, shuffling to the door. "I don't know." Soon he came back, shaking his head.

It was not five minutes later before the telephone rang again. This time, it was someone inquiring after a fireman. By the time Pater got back, Rose Mary wanted to take the conversation away from railways.

"Pater, I have just thought of a *wonderful* idea! All-India Radio is broadcasting a concert of hot jazz music. Why can't we dance? I *love* to dance. Do you like to dance, Colonel?"

"I'm very fond of dancing," Colonel Savage said.

"In here?" Pater said. He wasn't sure about it, but he was pleased that Rose Mary should be so modern and go-ahead.

Rose Mary said: "Of course, Pater. We can push the chairs back. Patrick, help me with the rug."

She turned up the wireless and pirouetted once or twice in the middle of the floor. Colonel Savage put his cigar carefully in the ashtray on the mantelpiece and bowed in front of her. He said: "May I have the honour of this dance, Miss Jones?"

I GOT up quickly to go out. Colonel Savage was making fools of us because he was that kind of man. We were making fools of ourselves because we had to. Before I reached the door Pater called to me: "Hey, Victoria, where are you going?"

And then, mercifully, the telephone rang again. I went quickly to answer it. Macaulay was on the line, asking for Colonel Savage.

I put the phone down on the table, went back to the parlour and told Colonel Savage. He excused himself and went out. When he had gone, Pater whispered irritably: "Turn that thing down, Rose Mary. How can the colonel hear himself speak?" Rose Mary shrugged and turned it down. We all sat for a few minutes, hearing the murmur of Colonel Savage's voice.

Colonel Savage came in. He said: "I think that explains the mystery of the disappearing cleaners and firemen, Mr. Jones."

"Why, what is it, Colonel?" Pater asked.

"A strike," Colonel Savage told him. "It began at eight o'clock. All U.R.W.I. members. I'm afraid I'll have to go back to the lines. Miss Victoria had better come along with me."

The battalion offices had come alive. They throbbed quietly, like an aeroplane waiting to taxi out on to the runway. People came and went in Savage's office next door.

Colonel Savage called me. I went in with my notebook and pencil ready. Major Dickson, the second-in-command, was there, and Macaulay. Major Dickson was a heavy, stolid man. I had known his wife in Delhi, but I did not see any reason to tell him that. Colonel Savage had lit a cheroot. I thought he was less tense than usual.

HE said: "*Le ballon, il ascend.* This has just been deciphered." He took up a message from his desk. "This is from Army through Kishanpur Sub-Area. 'Most immediate and top secret. Some Royal Indian Navy ships at Bombay and Karachi in state of mutiny. Ratings have ordered all officers, both Indian and British, overside. No violence yet.' Now we know what K. P. Roy has been rehearsing for. And what people behind the strike were waiting for."

He put the message down and looked at Dickson. "We've got to make sure the Collector knows. I'll bet he doesn't. You go and tell him, Henry. Tell him I'll be coming round as soon as I'm free."

Dickson saluted and went out. I went back to my own room until an orderly came in with a message and Savage called me in again. He said: "We're in action on the Karode bridge. An attempt to blow it up, apparently. Miss Jones, ring up Taylor and find out what trains are held up north of here, and what's in them. Goods trains."

I saluted, hurried out, and called Patrick on the field telephone. Patrick shouted that at Lidhganj there was a coal train overlapping the short stretch of double track there, and so blocking movement in either direction. A relief driver was going out to it. Lidhganj was two stations south of Karode. To the north, there was a goods train at Malra on the main line. Malra had a long siding, so the train did not block the line.

"What's in that one?" I asked Patrick.

"How the hell should I know?" he shouted. "It will take me hours to find out what is in every wagon. I am too busy."

Savage was beside me again. He could hear what Patrick said. He said: "Are there any arms, ammunition, or explosives on that train? That's what I want to know."

I repeated the question to Patrick. He shouted: "I tell you I don't know."

Colonel Savage said: "Tell him to find out. Macaulay!" Macaulay came running. Colonel Savage said: "Get

You might think Veronica Hurst would be content to be one of the busiest and brightest of British stars. But Veronica has other interests besides acting.

Painting, for instance. If you were to call at her charming studio-cottage in Sussex, you would probably find her busy at her easel, a brush in her hand and a packet of cigarettes on the table beside her.

Or you might find her in her garden, weeding or thinning out seedlings. There, too, a packet of Capstan would not be far away.

"Whether I'm painting flowers or planting them," says Veronica, "I'm always at my best with a Capstan."

Have a CAPSTAN

VERONICA HURST, who has risen to stardom in the last three years, is under contract to Associated British Studios, Elstree.

—they're made to make friends

W. D. & H. O. Wills, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd. CC844L

SHOE-LIFE STORIES... *continued*

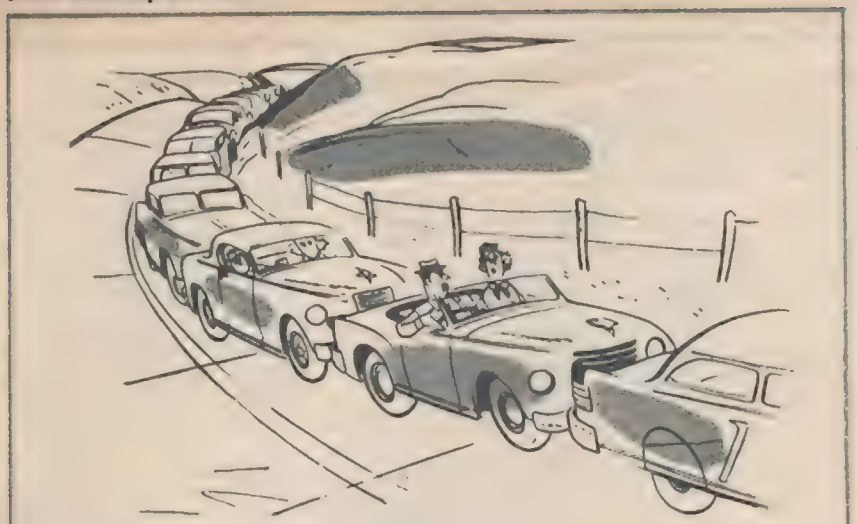
NOW I'LL GET MR GREEN TO FIT MY NEW SHOES WITH PHILLIPS STICK-A-SOLES AND HEELS.
CLEVER GIRL! THERE'S NO BETTER COMBINATION FOR SMART SHOES THAN GOOD LEATHER FITTED WITH PHILLIPS.
THAT'S RIGHT DARLING. PHILLIPS KEEP NEW SHOES NEW TWICE AS LONG.
SHOE REPS

Take it from me — PHILLIPS double the life of your shoes

Phillips

'STICK-A-SOLES' & HEELS

Taste
the fruit!
ROWNTREE'S FRUIT GUMS
Especially when it's —
NO SMOKING
by Order



"Engine quiet? We ran out of petrol six miles ago!"

on to the Malra bridge guard and tell them to send a section at once to guard a goods train which is now in Malra station, until further orders. Report to me when they've acknowledged the orders. Tomorrow, send an officer out at first light to see what's in it."

Macaulay said: "Yes, sir," and hurried out.

Colonel Savage and I went to the signal office. The clerks were deciphering a message, and we waited till it was ready. It said:

MOST IMMEDIATE AND TOP SECRET. NEWS OF THE NAVAL MUTINY ALREADY KNOWN ALL OVER BOMBAY. PRESUMABLY ALSO IN OTHER MAIN CENTRES OF POPULATION. BOMBAY CITY TENSE. ALL LEAVE CANCELLED IN SOUTHERN ARMY. ALL LEAVE TO BOMBAY CANCELLED FOR OTHER ARMIES AND COMMANDS.

Colonel Savage took the message, and we got into his jeep. Birkhe, his young orderly, hopped into the back seat. The Collector's bungalow was only a couple of hundred yards away across the Pike.

IN the Collector's study I was astonished to see Ranjit. I wondered whether he was being bullied about his supposed Congress membership. I smiled at him because I did not want him to think I was against him.

The Collector said: "Thank you for sending Major Dickson round, Savage. I haven't heard anything from my own people yet. Your adjutant has just told me about the attempt on the Karode bridge. This is it, I imagine, the big trouble the government has been waiting for.

"I asked Ranjit to come and talk to me about the strike situation, but now I think we can deal with both things at once. Our main problem here is going to be the reaction of the civil population—and of the Indian Army. You realize that there are people about who want this to develop into a blood bath, another Great Mutiny? Another eighteen fifty-seven?"

Colonel Savage said: "God help us all if they succeed."

I got the idea that they were speaking like that for Ranjit's benefit. It was not quite the way they talked to each other before.

"God help us all, especially the Indian National Congress," the Collector said slowly. "I don't think there's much else we can do tonight. Ranjit, do you know if the news of the R.I.N. mutinies has got up here yet?"

Ranjit hesitated so that we all noticed it, and then answered: "Yes. I heard it before I came here."

"From whom?" the Collector snapped quickly.

"A shopkeeper," Ranjit said unhappily. "Someone in the street. I did not know him."

"I see," the Collector said. After a while he spread his hand in a very Indian gesture and added: "Lanson has a few extra police out, and my personal spy ring is in operation." He smiled a queer smile. "I'll see you in the morning, Savage. I'll come to your office."

When we were outside, Colonel Savage said: "Macaulay hasn't rung up yet about the goods train at Malra. I've got to go and find out. I'll walk across." He told Birkhe to drive Ranjit and me wherever we wanted to go, and then left us.

"I have to go to the station, please," Ranjit said. I felt I must say something to him, because he was obviously very upset. I said: "It's bad news, isn't it? What do you think's going to happen?"

"I don't know, Miss Jones," he answered. "I can tell you if the British murder those sailors, who are only protesting, there will be trouble everywhere—bad, serious trouble. There are people who will not put up with it any more. There are leaders who know how to make our protests effective."

He got out at the station and we drove away, leaving him standing there, looking thin and unhappy under the lights in the station yard.

The Royal Indian Navy mutiny began on Wednesday evening. The next Sunday I was working in the battalion offices, as I had done every day of the week.

About eleven o'clock that Sunday, Colonel Savage left his office to go to the lines on some business. Macaulay came in to me a few minutes later and began to copy some details off one of the maps into his notebook. Halfway through he turned and said: "Why did you want to go telling the sahib about—about our misunderstanding? Can't we keep the old man out of this? I apologized, didn't I?"

I looked up, surprised, and said: "I haven't told him anything." That sounded too friendly, so I added quickly, "But I will if you make me."

Macaulay looked absolutely dumbfounded. He said: "You didn't? You're joking, Victoria—you *must* have. Well, I'm *damned*! The cunning swine! He took me to his bungalow the other day and tore into me as if I was a little boy he'd caught making a mess on the carpet. He's stopped all my leave for six months."

"You deserve it," I said as curtly as I could. I began to puzzle out what Colonel Savage's various actions and innuendoes could mean.

MACAULAY said: "Oh honey, don't be angry with me. I admit I was a fool and I do apologize. Please forgive me. Please let's start all over again, properly this time."

I have sometimes seen myself in the mirror when I am getting into a bad temper, and I can't deny that it makes me look better than usual. My chest was heaving, and I suddenly noticed Macaulay's eyes fixed on it. They had gone dull again, and the end of his tongue was just out, moving from side to side and licking his moustache. His eyes wandered over me.

I sat down quickly, and said: "Go away. At once."

He said: "Not until you forgive me."

To get rid of him I said: "Well, all right. I forgive you. But that's all."

A Gurkha orderly marched in with a signal form, and I clutched the opportunity with relief, becoming very officious. Macaulay went out.

I got on with my work. The goods train stopped by the strike at Malra that night had been looted, and whoever looted it had known beforehand that it contained ammunition. . . . I couldn't help wondering in the bottom of my mind whether Ranjit might not know something. When he said: "There are leaders who know how to make our protests effective," did he mean "by arming us"?

Colonel Savage returned. He said: "I'm going round the city with the Collector. Do you want to come?"

I said: "Very good, sir," got my cap and bag, and followed him. The Collector's little black saloon car was waiting in front of the steps.

The Collector drove slowly through the city, hooting all the time on his bulb-horn. People moved out of the way slowly, often frowning and sometimes turning to shout or mutter at us as we squeezed past. They stared at the car and at us cooped inside it like monkeys in a cage. It was a bad feeling, and I was glad that Colonel Savage had his carbine. He always carried it now.

AFTER going slowly all round the city, we went to the station. Patrick was there, getting on to his motor bike. He stopped kicking the starter when he saw us, and came over. He said to the Collector: "I was just going to look for you. I have been trying and trying to reach you on the telephone, but the servant said you were out."

"As you see," the Collector replied, smiling. We were out of the car now.

"Well, it is jolly serious," Patrick said. "Just now someone shot at Dennis. He is guard on an up goods train. A bullet went through his brake van while it was passing the level crossing at the Street of the Farriers. I want to know what you are going to do about it."

"Try to catch the man who did it," the Collector said. "You've told the police, of course?"

Patrick said, "The police? Oh no. I was trying to tell you."

The Collector turned to me. "Quick, Miss Jones," he said, "ring Mr. Lanson, and see that Mr. Williams is told, too. Tell Dennis to wait here until the police come."

I hurried off, thinking: really, Patrick is a fool; he needs looking after every minute of the day.

When I came back, Patrick was arguing loudly with the Collector. He was saying: "We have the rifles in the Auxiliary Force kote here. Why can't we give them to our guards and drivers? The strikers throw stones at us—from hiding, of course. Now we are being shot at. You must do something."

Mr. Govindaswami kept calm. He said: "I will, Taylor, but not that. Such a step would merely exacerbate an already touchy situation."

"Well, it is your responsibility," Patrick shouted. "Do not come and blame me if the drivers and guards refuse to take the trains! Do not blame me, that is all." He stalked away.

On the drive back to the Collector's bungalow, we met Lanson, the Deputy Superintendent of Police, in his old station wagon. "A couple of houses are on fire at the other end of the city," he said. Near the Benares Gate. The police report that the crowds are moving together now. I've got all my chaps out on duty."

The Collector nodded, the cars separated, and in a moment we reached the big bungalow. Colonel Savage walked quickly to the telephone and began giving orders.

Five minutes later three jeeps arrived—his own, his command radio jeep, and a third with a trailer full of armed Gurkhas. Savage was putting them on the trains as guards.

I sat near the telephone in the hall. Messages kept coming in. The first soldiers had been put on the first train. The platoon standing by in the yards

EVERY BENTIMA clock is the logical result of British designer and craftsman working together to produce the very best. Every clock is tested through every stage of manufacture, timed to provide reliable timekeeping at reasonable price and fully GUARANTEED.

FROM LEADING JEWELLERS AND STORES

Fixoflex
THE ABSOLUTELY RELIABLE EXPANDING
WATCH BRACELET
WITHOUT CENTER CLASP SUITABLE FOR EVERY STYLE OF WATCH
When purchasing, remember that all our bracelets are stamped with our registered Trade Mark "FIXOFLEX" and
RJW
ESTABLISHED 1885
MADE IN ROLLED GOLD AND ALL STAINLESS STEEL
OBTAINABLE FROM ALL JEWELLERS AND WATCHMAKERS

Do you like

SPECIAL CENTRES?

taste rich delicious

CAPITAL!

It's fun to choose from the host of excitingly different centres in CAPITAL ASSORTMENT—glace fruits, caramels, coffee or fruit creams, nuts, nougat, marzipan and others. They're really special centres and all are richly coated in milk or plain chocolate. In ½lb. or ¼lb. cartons—*milk in the blue pack, plain in the pink.*

MADE BY DUNCAN OF EDINBURGH

GREAT ELIZABETHANS

Sir Philip Sidney, valorous soldier, sparkling courtier, 'the brightest jewel in her court' according to good Queen Bess, the very man to have revelled (if he lived today) in the luxury of Cussons IMPERIAL LEATHER toilet luxuries.

Cussons

Famous CHUBBY SHAVING SOAP

THE CHOICE OF THE NEW ELIZABETHANS

The sturdy shape of Chubby Shaving stick, with its wide surface for easy lathering and discreet Imperial Leather fragrance, makes it the choice of all who treat shaving seriously. Refills for the attractive container always available. From all good shops.

Cussons Sons & Co. Ltd, 84 Brook St, W1

reported by walkie-talkie that all was quiet there.

Lanson rang for the Collector. The Collector said: "Yes. . . . No. . . . Yes. . . . No. . . . Soon."

I found my hands were not quite steady.

The Collector put down the telephone. "Mr. Surabhai is leading a large crowd towards the station," he said.

Colonel Savage said: "The chairman of the local Congress committee?"

The Collector said: "Yes. They've got banners—Long live the mutineers! A blow for freedom! and, of course, Quit India! They're quite calm except that they're shouting slogans and won't disperse." His hands behind his back, he walked up and down the big stone-flagged hall under the portraits of British governors and collectors who had ruled from that house before him.

He stopped suddenly, turned, and said: "I wonder—Miss Jones, ring your traffic people and find out if any specials are on the line in the district, or coming into it."

I got Patrick at once. He said: "My God, what do you want to know for? I'm busy."

I said: "Please tell me quickly. The Collector's waiting."

Patrick said: "Oh, all right! There is an up troop special at Sithri. It will be here in about forty minutes. All the trains are going very slowly because of signalling difficulties."

I said, "Thank you," hung up, and told the Collector. There was a chance that my father would be driving that train.

He turned to Colonel Savage and said: "I won't say that Surabhai knew this troop special was coming, but I suspect that somebody did. I'd like to find out what kind of troops they are. I am positive that Surabhai will try to stop that train."

"How?" Colonel Savage asked.

The Collector said: "Non-violence. He and a lot of his volunteers will lie down on the line. It's been done before, and it's very difficult to deal with. I'm going to the station right away."

Colonel Savage said: "Okay. I'll follow you."

We raced down the Pike with the klaxons blaring, swung into the station yard, and pulled up. Colonel Savage jumped out and walked quickly over to the Collector, who was standing talking to Mr. Surabhai. The yard was full of people, all very quiet. The banners swayed as the people moved about and shuffled their feet —"Quit India!" "A blow for freedom!"

Mr. Surabhai was very excited. "Mr. Collector," he was crying, "we will make our protest against the slaughtering of our naval brothers, whether it is lawful or no. They are your naval brothers as well as mine, Mr. Collector, even though you glory in your post as lackey of the British imperialists. We will make protest, I assure you—peaceable, non-violent protest, but we will make it."

The Collector said: "No one's been slaughtered yet, Mr. Surabhai. There's been no violence anywhere except in the streets of Bombay. There, all the rascals of the city have come out to take advantage of protests like this of yours, and started looting and rioting."

A stone whizzed through the air, missing Colonel Savage by inches, and broke the windscreen of one of the jeeps. The Gurkhas in it jumped out, frowning, and unslung their rifles and tommy-guns.

The Collector said: "A non-violent missile, Mr. Surabhai?"

Mr. Surabhai faced his shuffling, silent crowd. He cried: "No violence, I beseech you, my friends. Do not let your natural feelings get on top of you."

An engine whistled down the line, a long, continuous whistling. We went into the station.

A file of twenty Gurkhas followed us on to the platform. Colonel Savage told Jemadar Singbir to take them up to the far end and to allow no one within twenty paces of them.

Lanson arrived with ten policemen. The southern part of the station was

"That's not the one that's stuck. THIS one!"

crowded with Mr. Surabhai's volunteers. A few of them stood about on the platform, but the majority were lying down comfortably across the tracks, their heads pillowed on the rail and their hands folded on their stomachs. They shouted slogans as they lay. The train had arrived and was stopped in the middle of the station, its cow-catcher a few feet from Mr. Surabhai's side.

The driver climbed down, and I saw it was Pater. He stood on Number One platform, looking at the people on the rails. I heard him shout: "Get up, you bloody fools! You will get hurt. My passengers are Madrassi soldiers going to their depots for disbandment. I have to take this train to Gondwara."

Mr. Surabhai said, "Never!" and closed his eyes.

Then the Collector walked to the edge of the platform and spoke down to him. He said: "Mr. Surabhai, did you hear the driver? This train you are holding in the heat is full of Indian soldiers who are returning to Madras for disbandment."

Mr. Surabhai opened his eyes, and I saw tears in them. He was very soft-hearted, and he was crying because he had to hold up the Madrassis in the heat. But he had to. He said: "It is immaterial. They are lackeys of the British, like you."

Suddenly I saw that there were a lot more people on the platform than there had been. I did not know where they had come from. They pushed and eddied close around. A policeman shouted, "Keep back!" and swung his brass-bound lathi with the full weight of his arm behind it. The crack as it hit a man's head, just beside me, echoed up and down the station. The man fell forward without a sound and lay there, blood trickling from his ear on to the stone. The crowd growled and stones and bricks began to hurtle.

The Collector said: "Get on to the engine, quick." I scrambled up, with Pater right on my heels, and ducked behind the steel cab side. Stones clattered against it, and one broke the glass. The fireman began to throw lumps of coal. The police were all swinging their lathis now. I peeped round the corner of the cab and saw Colonel Savage and Mr. Govindaswami standing together. As I watched, a half-brick struck Mr. Govindaswami's shoulder, and he staggered back. Colonel Savage held him.

I was on the edge of nervous tears. I had never seen anything like it before —the police, mouths twisted, lathis flailing; the men in the crowd; the people with the brutal faces, full of lust to hurt. I saw a woman stumble, and I screamed, "Oh no!" but the policeman hit her again, and she fell.

Colonel Savage pointed his carbine upwards and pulled the trigger. At the sudden shot silence fell. The Collector cried in Hindi: "I order you all to disperse. In one minute the military will open fire to clear the platform."

The Gurkhas had come up silently. A few stood or knelt near the side of the tender. The rest were farther back, standing at ease. The Collector got out his watch.

From the tracks Mr. Surabhai shouted, "Murderers!" but the crowd on the platform ebbed sullenly and quickly away. In less than half a minute the platform was empty. They had carried their injured away.

I CLIMBED down from the cab and prayed for it all to be over, for us all to go home and try to forget what we had done, what we had seen. The people lying on the rails meant no harm. They looked silly but somehow dignified. Let them lie there. Perhaps they were right after all. It would be their country soon.

Colonel Savage said: "What about these people?" and pointed to the volunteers on the line.

The Collector took off his panama and scratched his thick grey hair. He said: "I don't honestly know. I don't want them hurt."

Colonel Savage said: "Okay. I'll fix them. Get your engine all ready to start, Mr. Jones."

"Yes, Colonel, I'm ready now," Pater said. He opened the cylinder drain cocks, and steam hissed out below the cylinders. He touched the regulator, and the huge driving wheels inched round. Mr. Surabhai stiffened convulsively and clasped his hands tighter together.

I couldn't stand it. I cried desperately: "No! They won't get up. Mr. Surabhai won't." Pater closed the regulator, and the wheels stopped moving. The cowcatcher was now touching Mr. Surabhai.

I caught the Collector's sleeve. I was ready to get down on my knees. I said: "Please don't let him, sir. Mr. Surabhai won't get up. It'll be murder!"

Colonel Savage said unpleasantly: "I expect I am as good a judge of Mr. Surabhai's character as you are, Miss Jones. If you would mind not interfering, I will show you that I know quite well what I am doing."

I stepped back unwillingly, and he spoke in a low voice with Jemadar Singbir. The jemadar chuckled and spoke to the Gurkhas. They all grinned. Colonel Savage motioned with his hand, and the Gurkhas lined up on the edge of the platform.

Colonel Savage leaned over and said politely: "Mr. Surabhai, are you a high-caste Hindu?"

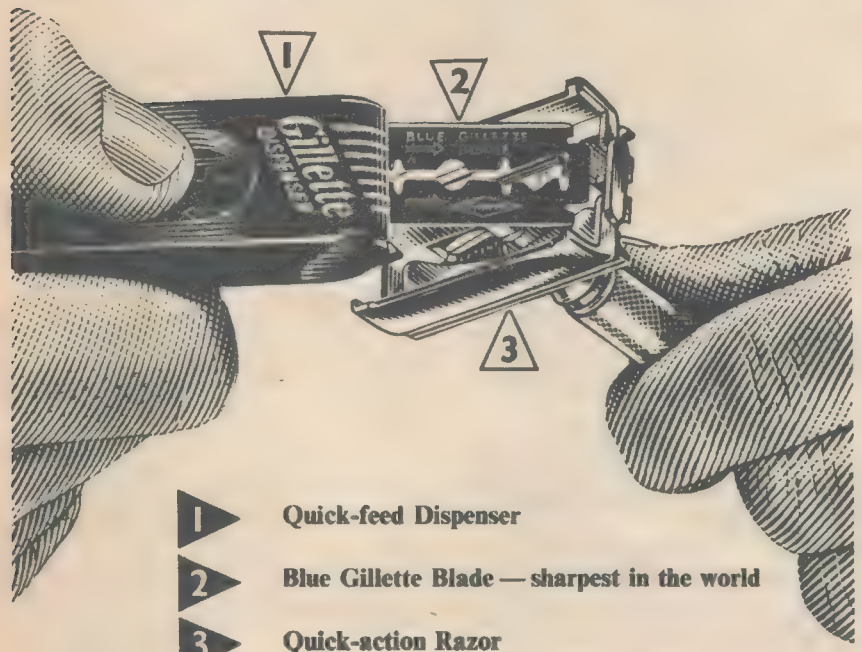
Mr. Surabhai said: "Yes, but all castes are like one in the fight for freedom."

Colonel Savage said: "Good. Because you are about to be used as a convenience by Rifleman Tilokbir Ale. He is a Hindu of a sort, but his caste is medium low. You have five seconds to get up and let these Madrassis go on home."

Mr. Surabhai sat up with a sudden

Gillette

Superspeed Shaving



1 ▶ Quick-feed Dispenser

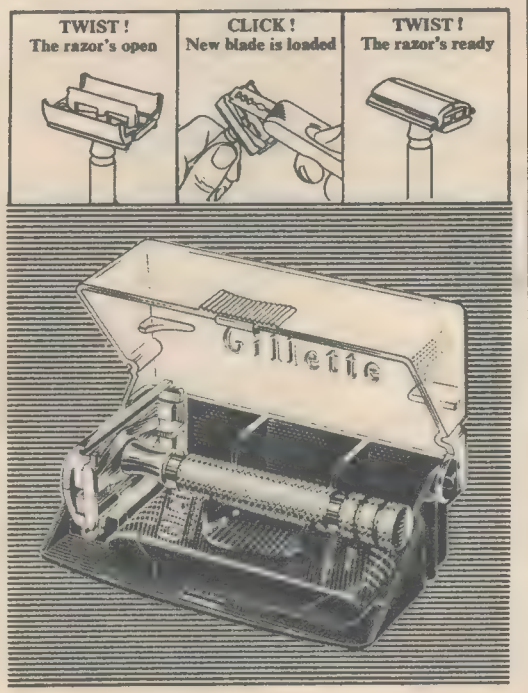
2 ▶ Blue Gillette Blade — sharpest in the world

3 ▶ Quick-action Razor

Speed from the word go. It's the system that does it. Razor and blade are made for each other. A Superspeed Razor and a Blue Gillette Blade, sharpest in the world, swiftly stroke the bristle away. And what's more, you get two edges for the price of one. Next to no time and you've had a swift, clean, refreshing shave that leaves you on top of the world. *Trouble-saving note : The 10-blade Dispenser has built-in container for old blades.*

8/6 value for 6/6

Quick-action one-piece Gillette Razor. Quick-feed Dispenser with six Blue Gillette Blades and old blade container. Compact moulded case with transparent lid. All this for only 6/6.



10 Blue Gillette Blades in Dispenser or Packet **2/10**

Good mornings begin with Gillette

For a shave like a dream use Gillette Shaving Cream

If you want to get ahead...

GET A HAT!

NOW! FOR MOTOR CYCLISTS TOO

TYRES WITH THE *Gold Seal*

GREATEST SERVICE
GREATEST STRENGTH
GREATEST SAVING
GREATEST SAFETY

Tested, proved and praised by motorists everywhere, Dunlop tyres with the Gold Seal are now available to motor cyclists! Stronger and more flexible casings for extra life and riding comfort, specially reinforced tread rubber to give miles more miles and rubber liners to guard against casing damage, the tyres with the Gold Seal—Dunlop Fort, Universal and Ribbed—are indeed the finest for everyday riding.

DUNLOP

FIRST CHOICE OF THE EXPERIENCED RIDER

4H/203

SOMEBODY WHISPERED THE MAGIC NUMBER IN HER EAR

. . . the number she was glad she remembered—"Halex 260". The number that takes care of her lovely smile.

This toothbrush gives you the most wonderful value of all. With its short head it reaches every crevice.

Its nylon tufts are firm but, because they are "Rondated", they are kind to the gums and teeth. The "Halex 260" is bubble-packed—sealed-in for hygiene. And the price of this wonderful brush (hard or medium) is only 1/6d. Remember the name—Halex. Remember the number—"260".

SAY
'HALEX 260'
FOR BRITAIN'S BEST TOOTHBRUSH VALUE

MEDIUM OR HARD
1/6

★ When you have seen for yourself the superiority of the Halex '260', do remember that Halex make excellent children's toothbrushes, nailbrushes, and also a fine variety of hairbrushes and combs for men, women and children.

SEE YOUR SKIN TROUBLE GO
in a few days

Make this test. Spots, pimples, eczema and rashes do not heal unless you get at their cause, the germs beneath your skin. Valderma, the new antiseptic balm, gets right under the pores and kills germs almost immediately. See for yourself. Rub a little Valderma on your skin where the trouble is, several times a day.

Within a day or two you will see and feel the difference. In a few days your skin will be clear and healthy. Valderma is creamy, non-greasy, does not clog the pores, allows septic matter to escape. It is soothing and healing. You simply rub Valderma in and watch your skin trouble go. At chemists: Tubes 1s. 8d., Jars 2s. 2½d. and 3s. 9d.

jerk. "Wh-what did you say?" he stammered. "What are you going to do?" He stared up at the platform.

"Oh, you beastly——"

"Three . . . two . . . one. . . ." Colonel Savage counted. Pater opened the regulator, and pulled down the whistle, and the station was full of its shrieking. The volunteers scrambled up, shouting, on to the platform. The train gathered speed and quickly rolled through and out up the line.

I turned away and walked to the Purdah Room and was sick. The banners and flags lay abandoned on the line, with some caps and a woman's slipper. When the vomiting and retching passed, and I had washed and sat down to rest and bathed my eyes again, I came out.

"You don't look well, Miss Jones," Colonel Savage said.

I whispered: "You are a cruel bully."

He said: "The path of duty is the way to glory." His voice was still hard when he said: "You've got guts. I'll drive you home now."

Anything but that. I couldn't bear to be near him another minute. Then I saw Patrick there—he must have just come—and because I at least knew him through and through, and was not afraid of him, I said quickly: "Mr. Taylor will take me home."

Patrick could hardly believe what he heard. Then he slowly gathered his wits. "Yes, certainly. Yes, I will take Miss Jones home, Colonel."

As Patrick and I walked along the line-side path, he seemed to be feeling round in his mind for something to say. I knew he wanted to tell me he was sorry, but he didn't know how to begin.

I wanted him to say, Don't worry, don't think, I'll look after you. If he would say the right words, do the right action, I would go to him and submit. The hatred and fear outside had proved too much for me. Patrick could face them because he was brave and stupid and never really felt what other people were feeling. Those were his qualities, and they would shelter me, and for that shelter—and his love—I would honestly give him everything I had to give. Even love, I could find to give.

Patrick said: "What happened about the troop special, Victoria? How did those people get off the line?"

I said: "I don't want to think about any of it. It was all horrible."

He said aggrievedly: "But I want to know. I did not see. I was up in the office."

I told him.

He stopped and doubled up, and slapped his thigh and shouted with a loud bellowing laugh: "My God, that is good! That was Colonel Savage's idea, was it? Well, I will never think so badly of him again. Oh my God, that is priceless!"

Still laughing, he looked at me. He saw I was not laughing. He said: "Don't you think it is funny? That will make them feel foolish, I bet."

I screamed: "Can't you understand anything? Can't you see what they feel like? Or me? Stay here, don't come another step with me."

I left him there and ran all the way home in the heat, so that when I fell on to my bed every stitch of my clothes was soaked with perspiration.

The next day I was at the Collector's again, with Colonel Savage. It was after four in the afternoon. They had had a short discussion on military matters when I first got there, but since then they had just been chatting.

They didn't waste their time like this for nothing in those days. I knew we were all waiting for something.

The night before, the city had flared up into a senseless shouting and throwing of bricks. The Collector had had to call out the troops at 11 p.m.

I heard the familiar, distinctive sound of jeep engines, and the two men got up. Colonel Savage said: "Time to go now, Miss Jones." I knew better than to ask where to, but I knew this was not an ordinary ride.

The Collector led the way in his car. We passed a small fleet of military vehicles, all their engines running, drawn up on the dusty edge of the Pike. As soon as the radio jeep swung out on to the Pike behind us, the lorry drivers engaged gear and followed. All the lorries were full of Gurkhas.

The trouble must be in the city, I knew, so I was not surprised when the Collector's car, immediately ahead of us, turned into Station Road. The lorries stopped in the station yard. The Gurkhas streamed out and fell in in thick ranks. Colonel Savage said: "Keep close to me, Miss Jones."

The Collector went a pace ahead of us, uncannily clean in his white suit as he picked his way carefully down a dusty lane beside the railway line.

We came to a place where the houses edged back from the railway, and a street coming in from the right became a sort of barren square. I saw perhaps a hundred Indians gathered there. A section of Gurkhas moved round under the buildings and blocked off the street.

The Collector forced gently through the crowd, pushing with his hands and calling out: "Make way there, please. Do not leave the square."

We reached the far buildings. There was a kind of empty shop towards the end of the row nearest the railway. In front hung a faded blue sign with red lettering: UNION OF RAILWAY WORKERS OF INDIA. A table blocked off the entrance to the shop, and behind the table sat Kartar Singh, the signals fitter. He was squatting on top of a bench.

Kartar straightened slowly until he was standing upright on the bench, and so stood much higher than the Collector. The Collector gazed up at him and said: "A state of emergency has been declared by the Government of India, and you must all return to work. Your complaints have not been rejected. They have only been put aside. You can take them up again as soon as the emergency is over. Please instruct them to go back to work. Otherwise I shall arrest you, and then use my best efforts to see that they do go back to work—I have authority."

Kartar Singh shouted to the crowd what the Collector told him. "He says he has authority from the government. What answer am I to give him?" To the Collector he added: "I am their servant, not their master."

The crowd began to shout.

The Collector said impassively: "What answer, Kartar Singh?"

Kartar's face reddened, and he became angry. He bawled at the Collector so that everyone could hear. "Go to hell, that's our answer. We're not going to work for you or the Railway Board or the British or anyone. We know our rights, and we won't be bullied out of them."

"That is your last word?" the Collector asked quietly.

"Yes. Go to hell!" Kartar Singh shouted.

The Collector turned to Colonel Savage. He said: "Carry on then, please, Colonel."

Colonel Savage saluted, and blew two short blasts on a whistle. Some of the Gurkhas spread out in pairs among the crowd, others stayed in line across the street and the lane and along the low railway embankment. They had fixed their bayonets.

The Collector said sharply, "Get down," pushed Kartar off the bench, and himself hopped up on to the table. The crowd began to panic, surging to and fro, separating, scrabbling on the ground for stones and sticks. The Collector raised his hand.

He called out: "Do not move about. Do not attempt to throw anything or molest the soldiers. See, your leader is a prisoner. He is going to jail. The rest of you are going to work. No one need be hurt."

From the centre of the crowd another voice yelled: "Don't go! They can't make us work!" A bottle whirled and smashed against the house-front above the Collector's head.

"Keep still, everybody," Colonel Savage said. He jumped up on the table beside the Collector and stood with legs braced and carbine pushed down at the crowd. "Keep still, keep quiet."

Two Gurkhas dragged forward the man who had shouted and thrown the bottle. His eyes were closed, and blood

"What! No pudding? You mean I've been eating for nothing?"

trickled from a long gash in his bare stomach. Colonel Savage motioned with his hand, and the subadar-major scrambled up on to the table. Savage and the Collector got down.

Subadar-Major Manbir was small and fat. His moustache was like an old Chinese mandarin's, his nose was flat, and his nostrils were wide. He had no eyebrows, and his eyes were set at a ferocious Mongolian angle in his old round wrinkled face. The sun shone on his three bright rows of medal ribbons. He had a paunch, and he was carrying a tommy-gun loosely in his hand.

He said softly: "Look at me."

Everyone looked at him. I looked at him. He was terrifying. He was a Tartar. He was everything the Tartars had done, all their sacking and killing and destruction, all that we had heard of mountains of skulls. The crowd sighed and fell quiet.

He licked his lips slowly, frowned, and suddenly pushed forward the muzzle of the tommy-gun. He said: "Do what you're told. I don't mind killing the whole lot of you. I've killed more men than there are here."

His Hindustani was atrociously bad, but everyone understood every word he said. He went on: "But I've been ordered not to kill you unless you disobey the government. Come on, someone, throw a brick. That would be a joke, wouldn't it? Throw a brick, a bottle, anything!"

He waited. No one moved. No one breathed.

He suddenly raised his voice and roared: "Well, you——" and he ripped out a single Hindustani word that made everyone jump—"step forward then and do what you're told."

The dam broke. The Collector mopped his forehead. Calmly, the Gurkhas led the men off to work.

As soon as we were back in the Collector's bungalow. Colonel Savage took off his hat and sat down with a long "Pheew! That was a tight corner, Govindaswami. My upper lip needs unstiffening. It's got set. I suppose you drink toddy?"

Mr. Govindaswami spread out his hands and said: "*Beshak, huzoor,* but I keep whisky for sahibs who visit me. Miss Jones, you look as if you need a drink, too." He called his bearer.

I took a whisky. I did need one. It had not been anything like as bad as the affair over the troop train, but it had been bad enough. It must have shown in my face.

Colonel Savage said: "What you've just seen, or something like it, was done in three or four key railway towns all over India today."

I asked how that would prevent trouble. The Gurkhas couldn't make the men work.

"Oh, can't they!" Colonel Savage said. "They're carrying three days' rations. They'll sleep when and where the men sleep, right with them."

I said: "The union will get the Congress to protest in the Assembly, sir." I thought not only that they would, but that they should.

The Collector said: "Some Congress members of the Assembly will protest, quite rightly, against peaceful Indians being driven to work at bayonet point. On the other hand, and not in public, they will advise the union to bow to *force majeure* and return to work. Then the union can start the strike again whenever they want to, after the mutiny's over. That's the arrangement."

"The arrangement?" I said incredulously.

The Collector said: "Yes, the arrangement. The Congress high command are worried about their extremists."

"Then everything that happened in the square was pretence?" I said. "And was Kartar Singh in on it?"

The Collector said: "He was. None of the others. Though you heard the agitators shouting, giving hints. *They* knew. We've got a couple of them safe, but they're only little ones."

I said slowly: "Does Mr. Surabhai know all this?"

The Collector said: "Almost certainly not." He got up and paced for a while. "Poor Surabhai. That business yesterday. . . . He's the stuff heroes are made of. Heroes never have any sense of proportion."

I left soon after with Colonel Savage, leaving the Collector hunched in his big chair. The short time of twilight had come while we were in there, and from the steps I could see the lighted ends of the Gurkhas' cigarettes glowing in the jeeps.

"How are you getting home?" Colonel Savage asked me.

"I came on my bicycle, sir," I said.

He said: "Okay. But there's going to be trouble. You'd better keep out of the city unless you go in a sari." He stood there for a moment, drawing on his cheroot. Then he said: "Been having any more trouble? Sex trouble?" He looked hard at me, frowning and biting the end of the cheroot.

I said, "No, sir," and couldn't help blushing.

He said: "Have you made up your mind about Taylor?"

For a moment I was too surprised to speak; then I said: "That is none of your business, sir."

He said: "Up to a point. But Taylor's behaving like an angry water buffalo, and God knows he's inefficient enough when he's not angry. I expect the other men in your life would also feel much more at ease if you made it plain who *was* the favoured party. If you pretend no one is, men just don't believe you—neither black, white, nor khaki men."

I stood, still and angry, on the top step while he got into the jeep and switched on the engine. I could see his teeth flash as he smiled suddenly and

MACLEAN-WHITE TEETH ARE HEALTHY TEETH

It's plain common sense: Macleans gets teeth cleaner, whiter —and that's what counts against decay

ALL research workers support this fact about tooth decay. If the coating of food debris and acid-forming organisms can be removed from the teeth, decay will make small progress. The first function of a tooth paste is to keep the teeth clean. And Macleans Peroxide Tooth Paste does that supremely well.

The menace of dental 'plaque'

Research experts agree that this food and saliva coating (called dental 'plaque') can be destructive as well as unsightly. The importance of the association of the 'plaque' with tooth decay has been stressed by modern dental authority.

The action of Macleans

Teeth cleaned by regular brushing with Macleans Peroxide Tooth Paste are freed from the deadly 'plaque' which is the breeding ground of the agents of decay. So Maclean-white teeth are more than lovely teeth; they are strong and healthy teeth.

Did you MACLEAN your teeth today?

Macleans Peroxide Tooth Paste 1/7d. and 2/5d.

ALSO WITH CHLOROPHYLL 1/11d.

9a/W/54

Somebody's going to need

Alka-Seltzer

REGD. TRADE MARK

for Headaches!

Splitting headaches are quickly relieved with the aid of one or two tablets of Alka-Seltzer dissolved in hot or cold water. Directly you feel a headache coming on, take speedy Alka-Seltzer—millions have found relief this simple way. There is nothing quite like Alka-Seltzer. At all chemists.

75

said: "But if I were you I'd give Mr. Taylor to Rose Mary, and throw in a pound of tea."

I saluted as the jeep swept away. He hated to have me salute him. When he was out of sight I got on my bicycle.

I had meant to go home, but I remembered suddenly that a Gurkha officer orderly, who could hardly read, had taken down and accidentally burned a rather complicated graph Colonel Savage had told me to make. The graph was to help him see when the line was clear for his trolley patrols. If normal rail service was going to begin tomorrow or the next day, I'd better be ready with a new graph. I pedalled hard for the station. It was no time to be out alone, and Savage's warning of trouble had frightened me.

RANJIT SINGH was in the Traffic Office, and so was Macaulay. Macaulay's carbine lay on my desk. Though I did not like Macaulay, I was glad at that moment to see the carbine.

I went to my table and sat down. "What are you doing here?" I asked Macaulay.

He said: "Working. What else can you do when the sahib's got you in his sights? I might as well re-do that graph that got burned."

I said: "That's what I came here to do! It's my job. You shouldn't have bothered."

He said: "I thought I'd save you the trouble."

I said: "I'll finish it. Thank you, though."

Ranjit Singh's pen scratched unobtrusively in the background.

Macaulay said: "Look, I'll do the branch line graph and you do the main line. Then we can get finished quicker. And the sooner the better, if you ask me." He glanced out of the window and muttered: "Not a soul in sight anywhere now." He got some sheets of graph paper, sat down opposite me, and began to work.

I finished at last. It could not have been more than three-quarters of an hour, but in that time the noise outside had grown. It was coming from the city, perhaps six hundred yards to the east of us. There was a steady drumbeat and a rhythmical chanting.

I said: "I'm going home now. Please take this to the office with yours and leave them in my room."

Macaulay pushed his chair back and picked up his carbine. "I'll go with you," he said.

"No, there's no need for that."

He went to the door and held it open for me. He said: "I'm coming. My God, Victoria, the sahib would tear my guts out with his bare hands if I let you go alone. Listen to them!"

I heard the booming drum, and the tramp of feet that held no discipline, and the rhythmical high chant. I shivered and said: "All right. Thank you."

On the station platform Macaulay spoke to a Gurkha standing in the beam of light from the first-class waiting room, then led on. At the end of the platform he said to me: "The password tonight is *shikar* and the countersign, *Kabul*. That mob's coming this way."

Macaulay picked his way so slowly across the lines that I whispered: "Let me get in front, I know the way."

He muttered, "Okay," and stood aside. As I brushed past him he said: "For God's sake, stop at once if anyone says, 'Halt!' Stop and answer '*Shikar*.'"

I whispered, "All right," and moved forward quickly. The lights of the yards came up on our right, and almost immediately a soft voice challenged me from close by—"Halt-who-go-da?"

I stopped at once and whispered, "*Shikar*." Macaulay bumped into me and stood close.

The man answered, "*Kabul*." He and another Gurkha appeared from the shadow of a wagon and came close to us, their rifles carried like shotguns in the crooks of their arms. Macaulay said: "It's me, the adjutant. I'm seeing the lieutenant-lady home." He spoke Gurkhali slowly.

The Gurkhas drifted back into the shadow.

A LITTLE farther on I said: "Let's cross the lines here. There's more light in the yards." I led on at once, crossed the main line, ducked under one row of wagons, then another, and came to a third. The yard lights shone brilliantly from their tall standards. A few big moths were up there round every light, circling and beating their wings.

Just ahead there, at the end of the yards, I'd be in the Old Lines and nearly opposite the Institute. I stopped with a sigh of relief and leaned back against the frame of a wagon. I said: "There's no need for you to come any farther now, Mr. Macaulay."

He was close behind me. He said: "Yes, I think you're out of the wood now." He whispered, but I could swear it was not from fear. It was the kind of whisper men use to a girl at night, when there is really no need, to say those things they always say in whispers.

I said quickly: "I'm sure it's all right now. Well, thank you, I must go."

He said: "Aren't you going to thank me properly?" The whisper was light and dry. Again I said, "Thank you." I said it quickly, wanting to run. But I couldn't get away from him even if I did run. I knew suddenly I must turn to face him.

He had his carbine in his right hand, and his left hand was reaching out for me. It went round my waist. He said: "Thank me—like this." He bent forward and pressed close, and his hot face clamped against mine, moving round like an animal's to find my lips. For a second I stood stiff and still, thinking: the fool, the stupid insane fool, he will get into trouble. Colonel Savage will kill him. Then I began to struggle.

At once he leaped on me with both arms. The carbine fell on the rails.

I fell back and slipped on the rail under the wagon. He scrambled silently after me. I swung my arm round and hit him. There was a heavy sharp-edged steel thing in my hand. He fell sideways and lay across the rail. I stood up, aimed carefully, and hit him again as hard as I could, swinging the piece of broken fishplate up and bringing it down, edge on, against the side of his head.

I had not heard any other sound, but swung round, the fishplate raised, when a darker shadow fell across me. I saw it was Ranjit Singh. He came forward slowly, stopped, and whispered: "Oh my God, oh my God." He knelt slowly, fluttered round with his hands looking for some place to touch, to feel, to assure himself. Then he whispered: "Put that down Miss Jones. Come with me, quickly."

I put the bar down and watched Ranjit Singh pull at Macaulay's body until it was all under the wagon, lying between the rails. He beckoned with his hand, palm towards me in the Indian way. I followed him for fifty yards between the empty trains, then we crawled under them, line after line, until we stood beside the main track.

He looked both ways and crouched low, and we hurried across. His teeth were chattering all the time. There is a low wire fence there. I climbed it after him, awkwardly in my tight skirt, and we passed into the city. I followed down one dark lane after another, then Ranjit opened a door and beckoned me in.

HIS face showed pale and strained in the dim light from a curtained window across the street. The pupils of his eyes were huge. We stood at the foot of a narrow stair. He scurried up. There were two doors at the top, and he opened the one on the left and held it for me. I walked into a room of light colours, whitewashed walls, light from oil lamps, very little furniture.

A woman got up slowly from the floor and slowly came towards me. She was brown and square, and her hair was iron grey. Her sari was white with a blue border. She set her feet wide apart as she walked. She said in Hindustani: "Who is this, my son? And whom has she killed?"

"I didn't kill him!" I gasped.

The woman said, "Look, girl."

I looked down. The blood lay in spots and streaks and whorls over the breast of my khaki shirt. The horrible night came down on me, all together, reflected in the woman's hard brown eyes. Even in that room I heard the boom of the drum and the faint chanting of the crowd. Fear and hate and heat and lust were all round me. I stood helpless. I felt my face twisting and an icy cold creeping up in me in jerks and spasms. I opened my mouth to scream.

To be continued next week

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

When ordering, write your name and full postal address clearly in block letters. Do not send cash unless registered. Cross postal orders or cheques and keep the counterfoils

Send for FREE CATALOGUE

SHEDS From £13.3.0 or 52/6 deposit
GARAGES From £35.0.0 or 140/- deposit
GREENHOUSES From £14.18.6 or 59/6 deposit
FREE DELIVERY by lorry to your door
Write today for FREE CATALOGUE. Please state building required. Money back guarantee
J. THORN & SONS LTD., (Box 3) Brampton Rd., Bexleyheath, Kent. Tel.: Bexleyheath 305. Est. 1896

Your choice of two inexpensive Carpetings

LANCSHIRE CARPETING
A Lounge 9ft. x 9ft. only cost £7.2.6. Fine quality felted needleloom carpeting made up into squares of any size. In 12 attractive colours.
18in. 27in. 36in. 54in.
8/- 11/9 15/6 23/-

PARKLAND Super Felt CARPETING
In 8 Contemporary Colours, this new heavy needled felt carpeting, luxuriously thick, rubber back, guaranteed to withstand hard, constant wear. Good Housekeeping guar.
18in. 27in. 36in. 54in.
14/- 21/- 29/- 40/-
Price per yd. inc. Tax. Part Carr. & pkg. 2/6. Send 1/- (refundable) for samples of Lancshire & Parkland.
PRESTO SUPPLIES (Preston), Dept. J.B.S.7, 145 Hammond Street, Preston, Lancs.

SWEEP your own chimney
These Home Sets come to you direct from our factory and include GENUINE MANILLA CANES as used by tradesmen.
COMPLETE **35/-** CARR. 2/6
Comprise 30 ft. Finest Cane Rods fitted brass screw joints; 16in. Sweeps Brush and Leather Straps. Price 35/- plus 2/6 carr. Spare 3ft. rods 3/9.
PROTECTING SHEETS 1/- each.
Send cash with order or C.O.D.
EATONS (M/C) LTD. (JB) 87/91 MOSLEY STREET, MANCHESTER

The Finest CAMERAS within your reach for as low as 30/- DEP.

There's nothing expensive about photography the Sands Hunter way. Our famous terms include a comprehensive free insurance for payments during unemployment, sickness, etc.
BALDA. The famous all-purpose precision cameras. 16 models available from £13.19.6 to £26.5.0. Deposits from 35/-. Complete range of Zeiss, Voigtlander, Agfa, Agifold, Ensign, etc.
Send NOW for FREE Catalogue
SANDS HUNTER & CO., LTD. (Dept. J.B.), 37 Bedford Street, Strand, W.C.2. (Est. 1874.)

GUARANTEED FIRST CLASS **PAINTS**
Sovereign Paints conform in all respects to Government and other best specifications and are offered direct to the public at Factory prices under Money Back Guarantee.
SOVEREIGN *Interior Hard Gloss Paint*
Brilliant gloss. Hard wearing. Resists scrubbing.
29/6 PER GALLON * Obliterating 24/6 Undercoat Per Gallon
SOVEREIGN *Exterior Hard Gloss Paint*
32/6 Per Gallon. Stands years of exposure. Lead Base Undercoat, 28/6 Per Gallon. Sovereign Plastic Emulsion Paint. Quick Drying. 29/- Gal. 15/9 ½ Gal.
Complete range of colours. ¼ Gallon Tins 3/- gallon extra. Carr. 2/6 Gallon. *Carr. Paid on Orders over £3.*
SOVEREIGN PAINTS LTD. (Dept. JB1) 394 Old Kent Rd., S.E.1. Bermondsey 3656

BANISH BUNIONS
—caused by inclined great toes crushing other toes against the shoes.
Alston's Scientific Great Toe STRAIGHTENER will train great toes into correct position, reduce bunions and relieve shoe pressure. Comfortable. No metal—nothing to hurt. Only 2/9 each or 5/- per pair. Postage 3d. State size of shoe. Money back if unsatisfied. Obtainable only from British India Rubber Co., Foot Comfort Specialists (Dept. JB), 14, Terminus Road Eastbourne

MAKE MONEY FROM YOUR GARDEN
Make considerable extra cash by Wreath and Bouquet making in spare time. Always in demand everywhere. Fascinating, profitable work quickly learned, large garden unnecessary. Either sex. Start any time. Complete, inexpensive sets of equipment together with full illustrated instructions enable you to start earning in a fortnight.
Write at once for details, together with particulars of a FREE supply of everlasting and artificial flowers for practice. No obligation.
RETREAT NURSERIES (J.B.) PENRYN, CORNWALL

BATLEY

5 YEARS' FREE FIRE INSURANCE
CONCRETE GARAGES
• Hinged or Up and Over Doors
• From £46 or 9/3 weekly
FREE DELIVERY IN ENGLAND AND WALES
Send for FREE Brochure to:
ERNEST BATLEY LTD.
32 Coliedge Rd., Holbrooks, Coventry. Tel. 89245/6

RAYMOND GLENDENNING
Strongly recommends the 8 x 25 Denhill Prismatic Binoculars
Yours for Deposit **17/6**

EXCEEDINGLY POWERFUL PRISM BINOCULARS (French made). The "Denhill" 8 x 25 with the "bloomed" lens. Wide field of view, stereoscopic effect; damp and dust proof; simultaneous screw focusing adjustment and one adjustable eyepiece; jointed bars. English leather case with lanyard and slings. Send 17/6 deposit for 7 days' approval. Balance after approval: £1/- per month. Deposit returned if not satisfactory. Price £10/19/6 complete. Write for Binocular List from the Binocular Specialists for over 50 years.
J. A. DAVIS & CO. (Dept. J.B.59), 94-104 Denmark Hill, London, S.E.5.

YOURS for 14 days
PHILISHAVE
World's Largest Sale
Try the wonderful PHILISHAVE Electric Shaver FREE for 14 days. Send only 5/- deposit (returnable). 2 rotary-action 6-blade cutters genuinely shave not just snip at the hairs. Result—quicker, better shave. For 110/250 volts AC/DC. Cash £7.9.3 or your 5/- deposit, plus 8 payments of £1. *Illustrated leaflet Free*

BARGAIN DISTRIBUTORS, Dept. 48, 14 STUART STREET, LUTON

Riviera Holidays

heading 1,620 "Bullets" prizes value over

£1,000

Huge 2-in-1 First Prize

FOR this week's best *Bullet*, which can well be one of yours, the First Prize is £500 cash plus £100 holiday for two in France, Switzerland or Italy. That 1954 *Bullets* holiday could take you (for 7/14 days) to the Riviera (like Mr. and Mrs. Scragg), to Brittany, the Alps, the lovely Italian lakes or even Venice. You choose *where* and *when*; Cooks arrange *how*—a £100 trip for two to ensure your grandest holiday ever. A cheque in lieu will be offered should a holiday be impracticable for you.

Cheques And Chickens

THAT coupon below also puts you in the running for 1,619 other must-be-won prizes, including these cheques: £50, £25, £10, £9, £8, £7, £6, *two* of £5 and *ten* of £2 10s. Also 100 Prizes of 5s., followed by 1,500 "Good Shots," each with novel £5 opportunity. And see coupon for details of new Surrey Fowl "extras"!

"HERE'S to the next time!" say Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Scragg (41 Priory Road, London, N.W.6), revelling in the Mediterranean sunshine at Menton as "Bullets" guests last summer. "We shall long recall the sunshine, the sea, the food and the tanned holidaymakers."

CHIEF WINNERS—No. 1,928

FIRST PRIZE, £250 plus £1 Weekly Pension (as offered)—or £750 lump sum: Mrs. J. Cranstone, 71a Swanland Road, Hessle, Yorks:

Can't Be Perfect, But Be A "Practising" Christian!

£50: Mrs. L. Ball, 1 Woodside Avenue, Ribbleton, Preston: Boy With Brains—Thought Myself—Now, *Thoughtful*!

£25: E. Holmes, 122 Lea Farm Road, Kirkstall, Leeds: Means A Lot To Beg — Forgiveness — Means More, *Earning*.

OTHER AWARDS. £10: R. A. Eite, 91 High Street, Old Basford, Nottingham: Can't Be Eaten, But—Japan's Radio-active Fish "Digested"? £9: Mrs. G. J. Lowther, 21 Vallance Close, Southend: Can't Be True, But—*Must* Tell Mrs. Smith! £8: P. H. Lisk, 10 Palmersfield Road, Banstead: Profits—Wrung By Ring—Wrong. £7: Mrs. P. L. Caradine, "Hostel," Braywick, Maidenhead: Driving The Peace — Piles — Never, "Banging *Fists*." £6: Mrs. J. S. Robson, 55 Glebe Road, Hinckley: Craftsman John—*Too* Careful, "Measuring" *Hours*. £5: E. Cooke, 607 Bordesley Green East, Birmingham: A Jump Ahead—Vital, When Baby's Crawling. £5: G. Townend, Theddlethorpe All Saints, Mablethorpe: A Jump Ahead—Driver—Noticed *Chump* Ahead!

For ten winners of £2 10s., see "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*. 50 "*Bullets*" Seasons and 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

THIS WAY to the PRIZE-LIST

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

For The Queen	Lady Of Leisure
A Land Of Promise	Shows They're Newlyweds
The Peace Castle	Mechanical Marvel
Man's Folly	For A Pound Or Two
From Germany	Learning Fast
Gleam Of Gold	Not In The Papers
Horrifying Picture	Crimson
Helpless	Through Fire And Water
What We See	Crash! Bang! Wallop!
Friendly Warning	Backed The Wrong Horse

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

A.....Life	Cooked The.....
.....For A Job	More Like Old.....
The Three.....	We Have Our ....., But

MAKE THIS COUPON YOUR HOLIDAY TICKET

EXAMPLE ..... |6d.

BULLET .....

EX. ..... |6d.

B. .....

EX. ..... |6d.

B. .....

EX. ..... |6d.

B. .....

SURREY FOWLS A fine roasting fowl accompanies each of the 20 chief prizes won with *Bullet* which was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

1,933

Closing Postmark MON., APRIL 26

Signed.....

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O.

Address.....

Value.....

No. .....

GRAND NEW OFFER COMING—GET YOUR "BULLETIN"

With this coupon (which you can enclose with your entry) send P.O. 1s. for six weeks' "*Bullets*" *Bulletin* at REDUCED SERIES RATE—first copy dated May 8. Every issue contains extra *Bullets* winners to guide you to success.

P.O. 1s. No. .....

FREE!

New entrants simply complete this label for free and post-free specimen *Bulletin*.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

746

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to John Bull, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate in *Bullets* for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in "*Bullets*" *Bulletin* dated May 15 and in John Bull dated May 22), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, May 8, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,933 result.)

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,933, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

men in the public eye prefer

BRYLCREEM

Brylcreem is different because its pure oils are emulsified to prevent excessive oiliness; because it's not greasy, not messy. Different because Brylcreem grooms your hair the healthy way, gives that *clean* smart look which goes hand in hand with success. Brylcreem *your* hair and see the difference. Ask for Brylcreem, in tubs 1/6, 2/3 and 4/1, or handy tubes, 2/6.

for the clean smart look

royds 171/86/54

YOUR EYES are an outward sign of inner health. Bright eyes mean a pure bloodstream, a regular system.

When you are out-of-sorts your eyes show it. Then is the time to take Beecham's Pills.

Beecham's Pills remove those impurities from your system which may be the cause of biliousness, stomach upsets and sick headaches. Take them at night. Next day, look at your eyes—bright and sparkling—just how you feel.

* the HEALTH that comes with

BEECHAM'S PILLS

In boxes: 1/7 & 3/10. 3 Twists for 3½d.

Printed in Great Britain by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., and Published by Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered for transmission to Canada (including Newfoundland). Postage on single copies: Inland and Abroad, 1½d.; Canada, 1d. Agencies for Australia and New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency Ltd. Conditions of Sale: This periodical shall not, without the written consent of the publishers, be lent, resold or hired out except at the full retail price of 4d., or otherwise disposed of in any unauthorized cover, by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

New Chocolate Thrill

with South Sea Island magic!

Tried Bounty yet? There's a treat in store for you!

What a thrill to sink your teeth into that rich, full-cream milk chocolate!

What a thrill to taste that wonderfully juicy coconut, sweeter and milkier than even South Sea Islanders ever knew!

Treat yourself to a Bounty to-day. They're at your sweet shop now!

BOUNTY

Two big chunky bars for 6d.

ANOTHER SWEET TREAT BY MARS

Tonight's the night for Rosayne

The sparkling pink wine for enchanted evenings

Pink from the natural colour of the grapes

Pressed from grapes ripened under the Mediterranean sun

The 2/6d bottle fills a champagne glass

As thrilling as pink champagne